

THE RADICAL

Published Monthly.

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THE RADICAL.

MAY, 1871.

THE ETHICS OF THE WILL.

SOME time ago the Laureate of England, who studies earnestly the religion and the science of the day, felt that it was important that the chief representatives of the various schools of thought in England should meet together, face to face, and there, in the presence of that common Reason to which each of them appealed, seek to determine the issues between them. They resolved that even the Roman Catholic should be invited; for he also claims to show that it is reasonable to surrender Reason. Thus it has come that there gathers from time to time a small company in which the most diverse regions of opinion meet,—the two leading poets, several distinguished men of science, one or two philosophical writers, an eminent historian, several liberal religious teachers, and a Catholic Archbishop. The idea of such an assembly is the finest laurel on Tennyson's brow, and it is the nearest existing realization of the true Convocation or Synod of the Universal Church of which it is a sketch or study.

In this assembly, not long ago, the Roman-Catholic Archbishop read a paper on the relation of the human will to reli-

gious inquiry. In this paper he took up the position that it is an error to think that the results of religious inquiry should be made to depend simply upon evidence, and the action of the intellect upon evidence. Man, he alleged, has a moral as well as an intellectual nature, — a will as well as an intellect, — and he should not only shape his conclusions according to the appearance of the facts or the argument, but also bring his will to bear so as to influence his mind in favor of tenets which are for the good of mankind.

The fallacy of this view is too obvious to require argument. It assumes that the facts may be on the side of falsehood; it implies that the intellect may be constructed in the interest of evil and error; it is a cropping up in metaphysics of the old doctrine that man is a child of Satan, his Reason a torch lit from hell, and the honest verdict of his faculties as likely as not to lure him to destruction. Such a view is the corner-stone of the whole fabric of Jesuitism. If a man say, "I believe this thing because I will believe it," he has opened a door by which the judicial power of his nature may be bribed to any extent. If a man were to alter the figures in his ledger to increase his profits; if he were to add up two *plus* two as five against his debtor, and as three for his creditor, it were in nowise different in principle from what it would be to derive from evidence not its actual sense, but what would impress it to the service of a preconceived theory of what is for the welfare of mankind. Not only is any and every pious fraud rendered possible by such a doctrine; but there is in it a profound disloyalty to the truth, and to the God whose throne is adorable only because it is the throne of Truth. If a thing be found true in fact, it is only a real atheism which dares to say it may be injurious to mankind. Faith has no meaning if it does not mean to trust truth against all our small notions of what may be for human welfare, — to trust it implicitly and endlessly though it crush all our prejudices and theories, as a good tree which cannot bring forth corrupt fruit. So much the Christian Archbishop might have learned from the Hindoo theist, Chunder Sen, who in one of his London discourses said, —

"He cannot love God who does not love truth. He who is wedded to error, falsehood, fancy, delusion, cannot be said to love God ; for all truth is in God, and whoso loveth God must love truth ; and in proportion to our love of truth is our love of God. If we love errors and falsehoods we cast away our hearts from God, because God is perfect truth. There are some people who are afraid of the advance of scientific knowledge and enlightenment, simply because they feel that the progress of science will endanger the church, will upset men's faith, and take away from them the power of loving God. No : every truth harmonizes with all truth, whether it is physical or metaphysical truth ; whether it is mathematical or religious truth. Every truth is welcome to us if we are lovers of God. Let us open all the windows of our mind, and take in truth of all kinds and on all matters, as we take in the light and air. Let us freely and dispassionately and fearlessly welcome science in all its varieties, in all its departments ; let us love every form of truth ; and let us be certain that truth can never upset truth. On the contrary, the more scientific we are, the better theologians we are ; the more we love scientific truths, the more we love God : that is, the intellectual love of God. By loving truth we love God. Our understanding and reasoning powers shall be in unison with the spirit of truth ; and when love is well grounded upon the rock of truth, that love will stand firm through everlasting ages."

The company which listened to the Catholic Archbishop's thesis received it as they alone politely could, — with an ominous silence. This silence was at length broken by the historian, who declared his conviction that the human will existed only as the result of human ignorance. It could, he affirmed, be exercised only so far as our knowledge is incomplete. Perfect knowledge leaves no room for choice. No man can be said to choose whether the earth shall be flat or round. The fact is no sooner demonstrated than it compels all intelligent minds, and the will has nothing to do with it. Now just so far as any other thing approaches the certainty with which all look upon the shape of the earth, or the multiplication-table, the will is removed from that thing ; and to a being who knew everything thoroughly there could be no choice as to what he would or would not believe. He must believe what he would know to be true.

The historian thus gently shoved the will out of the domain where the Archbishop had introduced it, and so far all agreed with him except the reader of the paper, who was left alone.

The distinguished Unitarian present alone seemed timid about adopting the full necessitarian view, and suggested, that, though the will, as the historian said, had no place in the realm of actual knowledge, it ascended from such conquered realms to regions not yet explored by thought. Certainly, but if the will was the measure and proof of ignorance in the lower, why should it not be so in the higher realms also? They also will be as surely charted as the wild and trackless winds have been.

The principle laid down by the historian, and accepted by this council of men as wise as any in the land, is capable of very extended and important applications. It really touched what may be called the besetting superstition of the liberal world, — the superstition of the freedom of the Human Will. Even the Unitarian trembles before it. In the very natural reaction against that coarse form of the doctrine of necessity which regards God as having arbitrarily, — that is, without rhyme or reason, — predestined individuals to good or evil courses, and to consequent eternal joy or misery, liberal believers have run to the extreme position that the human will is a sovereign agent. The position needs only to be seen without reference to future rewards and punishments to be recognized as philosophically untenable. The statement already given shows clearly that it is preposterous to say that an intellect is free to believe as it will, and even to run counter to evidence. But if a mind is compelled to accept what fact and logic demonstrate, if only an idiot can set aside mathematical proof, and believe as he will, it follows that human life and conduct are equally powerless under the sway of the laws that furnish their motives. The more perfect a life becomes the more utterly must it be conformed to the supreme moral laws; and if that conformity could become absolute what we call the will would not exist at all. He who implicitly obeys another follows least his own will, and the moment the obedience becomes complete the individual will becomes extinct. If then the idea of an obeyed master be replaced by the idea of a supreme moral law, it is manifest that the assertion of individual will marks so much departure from that perfect law, and the departure of the will leaves man an organism of that law. The more will the less law, the more law the less will.

We hear people talk of "the will of God." It is a mere relic of the barbarous notion that God is only a more magnificent human monarch. It assumes that the All-Wise can act arbitrarily, and the Eternal Love either follow or capriciously disregard the laws of Love. But this is to sacrifice the essential divineness of God to his power. It is no compliment to a judge to say he may be *unjust*; to say he cannot be so is greater praise. God is the one being who has no will. Omniscience can know nothing less than the perfect laws, and boundless Love cannot swerve from those laws. It would be supposing God able to do something other than what is best.

Thus from the thought and deed of man up to the ideal of the Universal Reason we find no room for individual will, save in regions where ignorance or rebellion still lurk.

If, in answer to all this, it be said that it makes us machines, I reply that the machine is a very good thing. I wish men were generally as useful and admirable as machines are. I would love to see them sit or move at their tasks as patiently, and accomplish them as successfully, as the laboring engine bears its freight across land or sea. I remember that when the splendid cylinder press was first invented I happened to be watching one as, with soft movements, it printed the leaves that were to scatter intelligence among the people along with the morning sunbeams, and one who was with me said, "The man who made that machine was an idealist." I think it would be the highest compliment to say he was as great as his machine. As it borrowed the forces of vapor and iron to do its work, so did he submit his mind and will to the laws of nature: through his intelligence they passed, without let or hindrance from his preference, and he became a thinking machine by which Eternal Reason turned out a grand benefit for mankind.

All real and permanent benefits in history have been accomplished by great human machines. They are men whose hands are moved by everlasting Laws. I find Moses and Lycurgus delivering laws to man, not as the expression of their own notions, but as received from the god in the mount or goddess in the grotto, wherein the sense of the universe was masked. The prophets tell of fire-coals laid on their lips, of olive-trees spring-

ing up to feed their lamp with oil ; and, bowing low, they say, "Thus saith the Lord." The great artists did not attempt to devise new colors, nor create new shapes ; the law that formed the lily and the rose was fair enough for him who would paint lily and rose. Socrates has his *dæmon*, and Swedenborg his angel, and George Fox his inner light ; and the successors of these find *dæmon* and angel and inner light all perpetuated in the vital forces and intelligent laws which inspire them. When Luther cries, "Here I am ; I cannot otherwise," he feels himself as some strong wheel revolving under the rushing stream of destiny ; and when Cromwell says, "A man never rises so high as when he knows not where he is going," he feels that he is an instrument in the hand of one who does see whither he is going, — a divine machine, if you will, as the spinning planets, and the invisible bands of the laws that chain them to their purpose, are all a machine. And to the last day the world shall be helped by such men, the thinkers who are organized thoughts, the reformers who are organized principles, the heroes, and teachers, who are living and moving consciences, whose hearts weave as on looms the fraternity of man, whose brains are the electric nerves along which flash the messages of God.

What, then, shall we say of the Ethics of the Will ? What is our moral duty concerning this powerful force within us, which we call inclination, desire, and which claims so large a continent of life, from the obstinacy of the child to the pertinacity of the man ? I reply, Will is not strength, but the raw material of strength. It is so much animal force, and has in itself no more moral quality than the ferocity of the tiger, or the hardness of granite. I select, then, the common phrase, "Ethics of the Will," only to repudiate it ; there is no such thing as morality or immorality in any will, but only in the mind that makes use of it. It is the hand of the human intelligence, and like the physical hand may be an instrument of charity or one of injury, according to the directing power behind it.

Of the ethical relation of man to his will, I may say that it consists entirely in his converting it to the service of right knowledge and the divine laws, — which were really to change

it from being will at all, and make of it a force subservient to Reason.

Even where this is not done the Will is by no means free. Even when a man has not raised his will into harmony with the intelligent and benevolent purpose of the universe, that will is none the less held fast by the inviolable laws. An architect may leave the granite in its quarry, or he may carve it into shape and set it in his wall; but, whether he leave or lift it, the granite will be held by force of gravitation and turn with the circling world. Herod, or Miletus, or the Pope, or Calvin, or Laud may imagine that their several wills are confronting and impeding the advance of truth. Even so the fly on the wheel thought he was turning it. Man's will cannot make nor mar the compulsory plan of Destiny. The wise Greeks placed those three old hags, with the distaff, the thread and scissors of fate, above the strongest of their gods and the fairest of their goddesses; and that thread of Fate is still spun from the distaff of the Universe. The lion is strong, but he cannot overpass the limit of the warm zone on which his life depends. "The sunbeam chains him." The earth darts on with the momentum of a mighty bomb; but the imponderable cord of attraction binds it to an invisible track through space. Mightier than the soft sunbeam that chains the lion, more potent than the invisible thread that binds the world to its orbit, is that subtle motive which links each deed to nature, and surrounds it with a silken fetter even where it seems most free. What help to Christianity from Judas, from Julian! What founders of Republics were George III. and George IV., when unsheathing their swords, as they fondly supposed, against the liberties of America and England!

Yes, the granite will obey the law and do its service in the quarry or in the wall; but what about the architect? The human will shall serve, be it in the tyrant who kindles the patriot or the hero who defends the right,—it shall serve; but yet it will make a vast difference to the man himself whether he serve as tyrant or hero.

I do not say a man can choose how he will serve, for temperament, and training, and the choice of a native land or of a low

or high brow, are not within his control ; but it is certain that where any true service is possible it comes by a will raised up to a consciously obedient force, as the marble is changed by the artist from a block of stone to a statue. In the earth it represented so much chemistry, and so much gravitation ; as statue it represents so much thought and beauty.

And in this transformation by which the will dies that it may really live, it obeys a rule imposed upon every faculty and every power of our nature. All our hereditary passions and impressions must be born again to be of direct worth to ourselves or to mankind. We inherit them from the animals, and in their crude origin they are simply animal. The cunning of one beast, the fierceness of another, the lust of a third, are the rude forms in which the forces of our brain are delivered to us, and if they remain so, — untrained, untamed, — we are but two-legged animals. But each several passion or power stands close at the base of its Transfiguration Mount : climbing thereon, the fashion of it is altered, and it attains its raiment of light. Down there it was lust, above it is love ; down there cunning, above, wisdom ; beneath it was selfishness, on high it is self-reliance ; and so from quick temper to earnestness, from envy to noble emulation, we pass, finding every lowest propensity shared with the animal, the mere vital basis of a tendency shared with the archangel.

That which we call our Will is but the average impulse of these faculties and passions in their state of ignorance and with their downward look ; but it is penetrable to the light, it is flexible to thought, and out of it may be evolved that exalted force which is not will but a divine passion, — like the passion of Christ, — a liberty that binds us fast to reason, a love that is held by the spell of the Eternal Beauty. This view does indeed require a re-statement of all our doctrines of liberty. Wildness is not liberty, nor eccentricity. The only man who is free in that sense is the lunatic. He is uncontrolled by the laws of reason. Or, what should we say of an artist who felt himself free to take liberties with Nature ? He will paint an oak-tree blossoming to roses, and his rose-bush he will show putting forth acorns. That is surely a suicidal kind of liberty, — as if the blood were

free to leave its channels and flood the brain instead of feeding the heart. It is only the perfect service that is perfect freedom. In nations breaking their chains it is but a kindled determination to put on the nobler bonds of justice. Wise men seek liberty as they seek money, that they may spend it; the earnest revolutionist is revoking his submission to a false that he may give to a true master. He will not have society unclassify itself, and relapse to the freedom of wolves; but destroys an arbitrary for the sake of a real classification and order. This is none the less true whether the revolutionist or the iconoclast perceives what is to succeed that which he destroys or not. His hatred and horror of what he assails is a sufficient proof that the ideal of a better thing exists in him, whether he can describe it or not; by it he has weighed the false order and found it wanting. The seed under the sod does not see the sun to which its flower shall respond, but feels its inspiring beam, and breaks its prison.

Let us abandon utterly this individual and social Egoism. The normal evolution of man is to become the simple organ of Reason and the implement of Justice. If there be no malformation to arrest the human evolution, he will ascend from the lower coil of Fate's spiral groove, where Necessity scourges, to the resplendent circle of divine ideals and passions, which weave their chain of enchantments.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

THE KING BEAUTIFUL.

I.

IN a weird and wonderful kingdom, over and over a starlit sea,
Whither strange ships sail through the moonlight pale to a lonesome melody,—

Whither strange ships float to the goblin note of a lonesome melody,—
Which a harper weird, with shining beard, fierce from the strings smites he,
High on his throne, in state alone, this wonderful King sits he.

And the ships that stir are mere gossamer, — things merely painted so, —
 And the winds that stir the ships that stir, like beautiful things with painted
 wings,
 They would stir not a palm from its slumbrous calm in their journey to and
 fro :
 And they that sail in the spectral ships, they are spectral seamen too ;
 And they make not a sound as, thitherward bound, they steer the moonlight
 * through, —
 The goblin moonlight through.

II.

And in this curious kingdom, in dutiful homage to Him,
 There sing in marvelous story the sleepless Seraphim, —
 In golden and ghostly story, and robes like the sun for glory,
 There sit and sing the Seraphim.
 Strange minors, like a river, moan from their harps forever, in homage unto
 Him,
 And their song for evermore is of all the golden glories that radiate from
 Him ;
 And the harper weird, with shining beard, afar in the night stands he,
 And an answer dim to the Seraphim from the strings with his might smites he,

III.

Till this kingdom in melody moveth, with every beautiful thing,
 Like a molten, melodious ocean, to the singular song they sing, —
 Like a golden and ghostly ocean, with a restless monody of motion,
 To the wonderful song they sing.

IV.

Its people are dreams Elysian, and creatures of beauty that never sleep.
 They are seen by the poet's vision, over and over this starlit deep,
 Where, with metrical beat in their ceaseless feet, to the monody motion they
 keep, —
 Where, with metrical time in their ceaseless rhyme, to the monody motion
 they keep.
 They wander through the valleys. There is melody in their feet,
 And melody in the motion of the beautiful things they meet.
 Ah ! melody is the motion — like the rhyme and ripple of a restless ocean —
 In every beautiful thing they meet ;
 And the harper weird, with shining beard, who stands afar in the night,
 Its ebb and swell he marketh well, and smites the harp with might.

V.

For in these high dominions in glory sits the King,
 Whose heart-beat moves the pinions of every beautiful thing,
 With a music well befitting the glory of so high a King.

VI.

Sits high within his palace, so marvelously wrought
That its melodies tell, by their ebb and swell, of the glory of his thought,—
That its melodies float with a sleepless note to the impulse of his thought:
For the zephyrs within that fold their wings, and the fire-like Seraphim,
And the gilded halls, and the painted walls, take their music all from Him;
And the harper weird, with shining beard, who stands in the night so dim,
And the ships that plough the moonlight through, their music take from Him:
And their burden evermore is of all the golden glories, that being have in
Him.

VII.

And not a wind there dallies through the phantasmal valleys, but feels his
weird control,
And flies away from the palace with music in its soul,
And a Seraph evermore is, with music for its Soul.

VIII.

Ah! did I dwell in this kingdom of every beautiful thing,
As wild as ever Seraph, in glory would I sing;
With a wilder fire than the Seraph's lyre ever hath would I worship my
King,—
By the vapory gleams of the starlit streams, over this sea where my Liege
sits he,
Would I worship my Ruler and King,—
Mid the glories that enthrall me, and thrill yet so appall me, would I wor-
ship my Ruler and King.

IX.

But this beauty, this beauty ideal, that stirreth my blood with the fever of
wine,—
With a fever as wild as the fever of wine,—
That I see in dreams by the starlit streams, shall never and never be mine,—
Shall never—ah! never be real to this song-haunted spirit of mine:
This beauty Elysian I dream of in vision shall never and never be mine,
Though its creatures long wait at the far-off gate that gleams in the white
starshine,—
Though they beckon to me far over the sea, where they gleam in the white
starshine,
And their hands so white are like mist in the night, as they swing in the
white starshine.
I listen—I hear—it comes over the weir, like a goblin song through the
whole night long,—
But its music can never be mine.

FRANCIS GERRY FAIRFIELD.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS FROM THEODORE PARKER.

IN looking over a chest of old letters, the other day, I came upon some from Theodore Parker, which seemed to me to deserve printing. I was out of the country when the memoir by Mr. Weiss was in preparation, and for this and other reasons the letters never passed through that biographer's hands. No man ever put his whole self into what he wrote more heartily than Mr. Parker; and some of the passages that I shall extract refer to matters of lasting interest.

The first letter was written on the establishment of the Worcester Free Church: it gave in clear tones his view of the spiritual needs of the time.

BOSTON, Oct. 11, 1852.

My Dear ———:

It does me good to see another church founding itself on Natural Religion, taking for its basis the human nature which God has given us, and using all the phenomena of human history as helps, so far as they help. I think there was never so noble an age for religious work; never so noble a field for it as New England is just now. The Catholics and the Protestants just now—one with its great Idol, the Roman Church, the other with its great Idol, the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures—stand in the same relation to the new movement of religion that Paganism and Judaism bore to the movement of Religion in the time of Jesus. But there is this difference: the *science* of the times, the *new* literature, and all the *philanthropy* is on our side, while we need not appeal to the *marvelousness* of men, or make them *fanatics*, in order to save their souls. I wish you much joy in your labors, and am yours truly,

THEO. PARKER.

The following speaks for itself, and shows his habitual independence, as to modes of working, and his frank criticism upon his own friends. I had written to ask what he knew about a projected convention.

BOSTON, April 20, 1853.

Dear ———:

I am too busy to attend the contemplated Bible convention at Hartford. I know nothing about the men—save A. J. Davis. I am not sure that the convention is a wise scheme: it is not my mode of action. I never liked the "Chardon-Street Convention;" but better men did. It brought together some good men, but also a deal of trash. Yours, THEO. PARKER.

The next letter has a passage containing a suggestion in regard to the Bible, so vividly stated as to be worth quoting.

BOSTON, May 4, 1854.

... I shall look with much interest for ——'s sermon on Idolatry of the Bible—the sin of our times. But the Bible is a *Fetich*. You see it laid in taverns and railroad stations, where nobody reads it. The *presence* of the Book is enough.

Yours truly, T. P.

The next two letters relate to the Burns-rescue trials, into which Mr. Parker threw himself with all the combative energy of his nature, while the rest of us were rather disposed to make light of them. I believe that Wendell Phillips never entered the court-room. I went in but once, and remember Mr. Parker, watching all that occurred, and busy with his terrible note-book, so that he seemed as important a figure in the scene as the presiding judge himself. By "the two crowns of martyrdom" he meant that his correspondent was cited before both state and national tribunals, while he himself was only indicted before the United-States Court.

BOSTON, Dec. 27, 1854.

Dear ——:

You have two crowns of martyrdom hanging over you—I but one. I hope you mean to make a stout defense. I take it you will come to trial before me. The indictment opens the whole matter,—the constitutionality of the F—— S—— L—— [Fugitive Slave Law], and all the other points. I want to see you and talk the whole thing at large with you before the trial. Do you like your counsel? I know nothing of him. You will confess *no fact*, I take it, but leave the court to prove all they charge, and fight the proof.

Yours truly, T. P.

BOSTON, July 17, 1855.

Dear ——:

I did not say half what I wanted, the other night, touching your defense. It seems to me that if you do not *close* your own case in court, you had better have J. P. Hale to do that service. If I were in *your* position, I should let Durant open, and by all means get Hale to *close*, doing nothing yourself. For (1) the counsel can do for you in the way of managing the facts what you cannot for yourself, as you are bound by the *truth of the facts*, as the counsel is not,—a quite important distinction in this matter. And (2) Hale is mighty with a jury; he has a great *popular face*, honest, big, manly, and of the people. He is a *people's man*, and gets intimate with the jury as nobody else does. Besides (3), he and Hallett were once counsel together

in a case where Judge Joel Parker undertook to ride the jury down, and was stoutly resisted by Hallett and Hale. Ben H—— wrote eight articles against the Judge's tyranny over the jury in "The Dover Gazette." Hale would be invaluable in preventing the attempt to *pack* a jury.

I suppose your case will come on first, and so the great fight must take place over your body; and in this Patroclus battle (Patroclus being still alive) I want all the champions on the spot, doing their manliest.

Excuse me for this unasked advice, and then follow your own judgment.

Yours truly, THEO. PARKER.

The following relates to a plan formed by some of us to get out a cheap edition of his works, and circulate them as Dr. Channing's were then being circulated. Much might have been done in this way, the chief obstacle to the measure being the fact that the existing editions were held in different hands, and Mr. Parker had a good-natured dislike to interfering with the booksellers who had consented to let his books appear under their names. While his pamphlets circulated widely, his bound volumes had but a restricted sale, in consequence of defective business arrangements. The evil is not yet remedied: if you wish to buy Theodore Parker's collective writings, you must get them from England.

DUBLIN, N.H., Aug. 12, 1855.

My Dear ——:

I like your notion of a propagandism of books and pamphlets. But I doubt that we yet need a separate press, or should have work enough for one. All *my* books might be sold cheaper. The circulation of the "Discourse of Religion" has been only about twenty-five thousand in thirteen years, while in England from forty thousand to fifty thousand have been spread before the people. I feel under some obligations to Little & Brown about the three books you mention, all of which will soon appear in new editions under their auspices. The "Ten Sermons" is already nearly finished — twenty thousand copies; for Crosby & Nichols, though keeping out of sight (so it seemed to me), have sold one thousand copies in two and a half years — and the others *talked about* with Little & Brown. But for *pamphlets* I want it much. If I could print five thousand or fifteen thousand copies of each, how grand it would be!

Yours, T. P.

The next letter is in answer to an invitation to Mr. Parker to tell a Christmas story to the children of the Worcester Free Church, — as he had done, to their great delight, the year before. He never appeared to more advantage than with chil-

dren, and I quote the letter for this association, and also because, with his invariable eagerness to undertake new tasks, every confession of physical weakness had such a pathetic interest for his friends.

My Dear ——— :

I would if I could. But I have got no story writ, and doubt if there be spare water enough in my pond to grind out one before the day. I hate to say *No*, especially for so pitiful a reason as *lack of power*. But I must. So, though Santa Klaus come red-legged through the roof, he can't bring a Christmas story from,

Yours faithfully, T. P.

Christmas, 1857.

The next letter refers to an essay of mine called "Saints and their Bodies," in which I had mentioned him, with Beecher and Chapin, among the naturally able-bodied men.

BOSTON, March 18, 1858.

. . . P.S. Let the saints (at Worcester) always keep good bodies. Do you know, I could once *carry a barrel of cider* in my hands. I don't mean a *glass* at a time, — I could do that *now*, — but a *barrel* at a time! I have worked (not often though) at farm-work twenty hours out of the twenty-four, for several days together, when I was 18–20. I have often worked from twelve to seventeen hours a day in my study for a considerable period, and could do that *now*. So you were not wholly wrong in putting me among the *able-bodied* men.

T. P.

The next letter is the last I ever had from him. It was written in pencil, in a hand far more regular and legible than he employed in his days of health. The address was also in pencil.

BOSTON, Jan. 12, 1859.

My Dear ——— :

Your letter has just come, kindly and welcome, as yours always are. I lie on a bed or a sofa, and am forbidden to talk; so I must write with what tools I can. No return of bleeding in more than sixty hours! I have no pain, and contrive to keep down the disposition to cough. I don't know what will come of it all, but, leaving all else, shall lay my bones to the restoration of my flesh.

Many thanks for the offer to help me; but I shall leave all *in statu quo*. I have much grass down not yet made into hay. I know not if it will be ever got into the barn. The letter to the Tyngs will be very welcome. I hope to stay at Havana but a few days, and then steam off to St. Thomas or St. Cruz, — better places, and also cheaper, — and go to Europe in June or July. Believe me, thankfully yours,

THEODORE PARKER.

I had written to bid him farewell, to offer letters to some relatives at Havana, and to volunteer any literary aid that I could render; this having especial reference, in my mind, to his lectures on "Historic Americans," — now at last published. I had several messages from him, while he was in Europe, but no letters; and the news of his death left a sense of loss that has never been removed. Whatever may have been his limitations, I have never known any other man of so large a mould.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

PRAYER IN THE LIGHT OF LAW.

IN approaching a question mysterious and solemn with the superstition of ages, hedged about with all the hopes and fears of the soul of man misled by the phantoms of his own fancy and the cunning appeals of an interested priesthood, it is not singular that even some liberals should exhibit a little timidity, a little deference to the popular faith, and introduce their great free thoughts under the softening influence of the old formulas to obscure their keen-cut outlines.

I shall not imitate their caution. There is no question that may not be discussed with sincerity and frankness; and men who reverence truth more than any antiquity of error, or multitude of dogmatic authorities, should not please the ear of the devotee with the old words, while they are compelled to invest them with a new meaning, nor set their great credo adrift on the world in the unfitting garments of a popular faith.

I have seen many attempts to make prayer appear consistent with the supremacy of law; but in every case the pleader has frittered away the meaning of the act, by substituting for it the simple hunger that induces activity to supply its demands, or some aspiration that leads the mind to exalted moods by its own fervor. Let us use strict definition for the basis of our conclu-

sion, and leave the language of sentiment for the adornment, only, of its rigid outline.

What is prayer? In the broad sense it is any asking for what is to come through the act of another; but in the religious sense, which is the only one under discussion here, it is asking God, directly or by mediation, to do what we desire, to give what we would have, and invariably rests upon the assumption that the regular operation of natural laws will not effect the end. It implies miracle in every case, an exhibition of divine favor not to be expected through the channels of cause and effect, but by direct interposition of supreme power. It presumes interference from above. The machinery of cause and effect may be used, but will be turned aside, devoted to a work it would not have produced in its own normal play; which is just as much a miracle as if results had been produced without intermediate causes, by a direct creative act of the Almighty. Many answers to prayer are claimed to be so produced, contrary to the general law as to the particular operation of it, and directly in contravention of natural causes. Without miracle prayer has no significance. Upon this claim I take issue. I will not waste words upon the theory that every aspiration, desire, and want is a prayer, and the answer is found in the legitimate action it incites us to perform. We are hungry, and the system demands meat: we go to work and get it. This is not what men *mean* by praying, and it is only to bewilder us with figures of speech, and substitute poetry for fact, to say that it is. If such were a fair use of the word the woodchuck would be accounted as devout as Hervey, and the fox among your lambs would be as pious and prayerful as Fénelon. But it is not so that clear thinkers define their meaning. Whether spoken or mental, formal or wrung out in one agonizing cry, or smothered in dumb desire, prayer is always the soul's mendicancy, an asking for help from without, for the exercise of a power not its own to further its own ends and wishes.

Will God bestow any such favor? This is to ask, in other words, Is the universe an expression of law or caprice? Are things constant in their evolutions, or fluctuating by an arbitrary will? Does God reside in law, or does he only use it as

an instrument? To answer the one question under these various forms, you must shape to yourself some distinct idea of what God is, so far at least as to determine broadly what God is not. Precisely as the notion of God is low and pagan, the practice of petition for endless wants is common and vehement. The prayers of the cultivated have almost entirely left the plane of natural phenomena, of the palpable and external sort, where law is found to be too strongly entrenched to be dispossessed by our wild beggary, and have turned within to the subtler elements of heart and soul, subject to more inscrutable influences; and because we have not so well fathomed the laws of mind as of matter, they find yet a hold for their marvelous trust, and a ground for their mysterious rite. But the soul is a creature of law, as certainly as the body, and those vague effluences that under the names of heat, light, magnetism and chemical affinity play such vast roles in the dynamics of being; and when the law is as well known as some of these, prayer will become an obsolete word, or the symbol of a different idea.

The simplest definition of the God-idea, at once in harmony with natural science and human dependence, is this: God is intelligent force, good, not *goody*, not one who pats us on the head, and gives us bon-bons for not dabbling in the mud-pie business, like the vulgar, but a Power acting everywhere, with a universal benevolent purpose, that favors nothing and excludes nothing from the best results, which are to every completed being perfection of its kind and joy in existence.

We must suppose his goodness to be like man's, but from the universality of his being not limited to cases, not subject to favoritism. With man, the finite circle of benevolence rounds in rapidly to compass a near centre, and we see at a glance the nature of the curve. With God the vastitude of the arc requires long periods of observation, a grand perspective of generalization to take in its true return and determine the nature of the line. You may fancy it to be a radial shaft divergent forever from the centre we call goodness, but a broader outlook and a deeper insight will reveal the mighty curve, and show us that the world-æons are circles of that benevolent power, as clear at last as the dew-drop and the solar year.

The All-in-all cannot be bounded mentally, potentially, nor externally. As he fills all space and penetrates every atom, he cannot work on things from without, but moves all from within, as an unebbing vitality. But considered as a Being intelligent, with an intelligence that is other than any and all finite entities, a self-hood not mine nor yours, nor of all things individually, but his own in some inexplicable way, including ours and all, if you can keep that picture you may call him person and not be led into error by the word. Now add that his only expression in finites is through universal law, that his providence is the exact adaptation of all forces to all desirable ends, and that not a contingency can arise not provided for, and you have a Divinity at once loving and inflexible, an unchanging, ever-present God, to whom a prayer would be an impertinence if it were not the innocent mistake of our weakness.

All positive knowledge depends on the constancy of force and the integrity of law. Science has discovered not only that an atom of matter is indestructible, but that force itself, so evanescent and evasive as it seems, is a constant quantity. We cannot originate power, we can only liberate or confine it by the use of its equivalents. Neither can we imagine a being capable of adding one iota to the pre-existing force, for the idea involves self-contradiction. He must exert the power to bring it into being.

Power then is eternal, as matter is eternal, and by its own indestructibility implies the eternity of matter, already shown by its imperishable nature. Power cannot be other than power: it must act, and cannot reside in nothing. It must have a subject equal to its own extent. Apparently it resides everywhere, and of necessity must have everywhere material for its activity. It may seem quiescent, but it cannot cease to act: its latency is only an idea of our limited senses.

Suppose you have a powerful mainspring to some machine, you put forth a certain tension to wind it up: it will exert just that force in unwinding, a part of which will go to make heat by the resistance of the axles, and the remainder to do your work. But while the machine stands inactive, wound up for service, do you fancy that the force is inactive. Not at all: it is straining at

the guard with all that tension, and when you liberate it it goes into space as heat, vibration, motion, only not felt because too widely diffused.

Thus, too, with what you call a dead weight; the lead which moves your clock seeks the centre with precisely the same force, undiminished, unaugmented, whether the wheels move or stand. There is no latent force; and, though the cord were cut and the weight set on the ground, it seeks the centre by the same force as before, and, could you measure it, with the same amount of resultant heat, for simple pressure is a fruitful source of heat, and heat is everywhere an expression of motion.

Power, then, is infinite and eternal, and the medium of power, that in which it acts, is also infinite and eternal, for infinite power cannot reside in a finite body nor in a blank. Power, too, is infinitely active, never latent, but, sensible or not, works the same. Confined in close quarters, its vibrations will rend a world; but diffused through space, the same force is not seen nor felt. The noise of the lightning is not the only expression of its force: it moves in all life, it plays silently through the air, and in our vital organism becomes light, heat, or attraction or repulsion, under the endless variations of circumstance, and when lost to our senses may even be vitalizing them with its subtle effluvium.

Creation is the necessary work of Power, not by originating elements, but shaping forms; and God the Eternal is the ever active, originating no force, but vital in everything.

The transforming of substance is a process that man can use as truly as God, and in the same sense he is a creator; for neither of them works up new substance or new force, but both only pass as the eternal elements through new combinations.

He wields infinite power by infinite wisdom, and the results are infinite; we by a little knowledge wield a little power to results the exact measure of the exerted forces. When we know more we shall do more. Nor is it derogatory to God that man should yet combine elements into animal tissue, any more than to combine elements into crystals and fluids and new chemical compounds, which were once God's exclusive workmanship. God builds worlds, we build houses. He crystallizes continents, we

crystallize atoms, and both work through eternal laws on eternal substance, in which inhere the conditions of combination and separation. God never made a law and can never unmake one, any more than he can unmake his own existence or add to it.

In the certainty of this view of things we live and move, and practically, if not theoretically, we must all accept it or perish. The human mind is dependent for all it knows or can know, for all it does and all it can do, on the constancy of law. If mere whim, caprice, or fluctuating will were at the helm of things, nothing could be predicated of what we saw and felt, nothing learned by experience, nothing gained by effort, nothing lost by idleness and ignorance. As there would be no possibility of knowing, there would be no incentive to study; and the isolated facts that were without coherence would only be a burden to the memory that they could not instruct, and all expectation must end in disappointment. None would work for a future that had no promise of coming, and put forth methods as likely to fail as to succeed. As the needs of this hour would be no index to those of another, the meat of to-day might be to-morrow's poison, our fuel produce cold, rain dry up the herbage, and fire be the best shower for our growing corn.

We may be ignorant under law, but the loss and pain of that ignorance lead to knowledge and escape; but under the failure of law we *must* be ignorant, and our innumerable blunders with their tortures innumerable could leave no lesson by which to escape them, and point to no path of rectitude and safety. Among the masses an utter stagnation of mind would be the result of such a reign of incalculable contingencies, and brute stupidity, with the loss of that little of brute intelligence that comes from routine, would rule almost supreme; and where intellect still struggled with the contradictory and inexplicable facts, insanity would come to close the eternally baffled search.

That science ever did make its escape from supernaturalism, a region where events move without law or against law, is due, first, to the fact that the supernatural theory is false, and men's instincts led them better than they knew, and, secondly, that there were always a few men who disbelieved the dogma of interference, and many men who proceeded on the hypothesis of

constancy, while fancying that they believed that of miracle. Precisely as the marvel-monger receded the man of science advanced; as miracle went to the wall knowledge came forward; and this significant fact must strike all observers, that an old miracle once brought into the realm of law has never gone back, and no new lawlessness of events has come to take its place. Consequently the domain of interference is steadily diminishing, the kingdom of known law steadily increasing; so that it is no presumption to look forward to a day when the methods of science will totally displace the dogma of miracle.

God's providence is not partial, but universal, not by interference with the eternal laws, but working through them, so that a knowledge of all the conditions would always enable us to foretell the event. God, knowing the conditions, can see the results. I will not say that he invented the plan by which they are brought about, for that would imply a time when they were contingencies, but that in the nature of things his nature has determined all: he is the necessity by which they occur. Mere chance is atheism, an impossible solution of any fact in the universe. At whatever point you touch you find a radiant centre from which goes out an endless warp of causes, crossed by an inextricable woof of effects, weaving the worlds and all within them into one perfect web of law and harmony, — the visible garment of the invisible God. In every event centres a hundred lines the most unrelated in appearance, yet all necessary to the exact result. Not a career of the minutest thing is without ample provision for all its evolution.

I would have apples, corn, or wheat. I see, too, that through the laws of vegetable growth, and the relations of man to lower natures, the instinct of self-preservation, and the harmony of the seasons, God has provided for just this want. Shall I neglect this normal road, and go directly to the master and importune him for corn and apples? I seem to hear him answer with gentle firmness, "Benighted child! I have appointed my Ceres and Pomona to attend to these things under unalterable laws; obey them, and receive thy reward!" I turn to the appointed agencies, plant, nurture, and prune, and behold a plentiful answer. I might have worn my knees to the hinges of the bone in vain

importunities if I had adhered to the form of verbal petition and direct reliance on the Highest.

So also with those subtler helps that come through human sympathy. They are the products of law and the provision of Him whose providence is over all. Benevolence is the provision of God for the needy and helpless, as determinate as the growth of fruit and grain. All his methods are organic. He makes no apples in blue space to pass down to our beggary. His benevolence is normal, and the laws of sympathy are the laws of God concerning the needy. If I make true appeal to that living providence, the generous human heart, I get my answer according to my impressiveness. If I make it silently and alone, it may, through the finer laws of clairvoyant insight, reach some fellow-being, the appointed almoner of God, and still be answered, for the providence and foresight of the master have left no room for a supplementary interference; but if I only reach the deeps of the Infinite with my appeal, it touches no point of contact, brings no response. The law of sympathy and benevolence has not been obeyed, and the silence of the heavens should long ago have taught me that the true provision has been made in the benevolence of finite minds for all wants that should be served by benevolence.

A prayer made verbally to God may get answered by awakening the God-given sympathy of a fellow heart, here or in another sphere of being, for so it finds the appointed almoner; as a prayer for bread, if it took the form of sowing broadcast, on rock and sea and desert and goodly field, the seeds of wheat and corn, to propitiate the gods, some grain would catch in congenial soil and the petition be answered.

But how much more surely and plentifully if, instead of the formal sacrifice, the wise tiller had sought the best soil and applied the best science to the germination of the seed. Is God cruel for so arranging the income of grain? Why then demand of his benevolence any other form of expression than organic law?

He who has made the ear, will he not hear? Yes, with the ear he has made. He who has made all things to serve him, will he do his work without them? Never, for then were his

providence in vain, and his bounty neglected. The really genuine answers to prayer, which have a supernatural look, may all be accounted for by the interposition of a human soul in the angelic spheres, moved by a fellow feeling for our helpless woes ; but this is no more miraculous help than that of our neighbors in the flesh, your brother or sister, whose love is divinely natural and obedient to law. Such aid is in harmony with the universality of God's methods ; it disturbs no law, it is not interpolated to a scheme of imperfect providences, but is a part of the everlasting methods of cause and effect. All forces, electric or vital, follow conductors ; nothing can touch naked life. God is immediate only as he is in us ; and the prayer that goes outward for help goes away from the only direct presence of God. All external expectation is looking off from the immanent deity to endless mediation, and seeks by accretion the growth it should win by evolution. It would build on rather than unfold. There is no help outside of us but that of finites like ourselves.

God is not therefore careless of human affairs. He is the infinite conservator of our welfare. The mainspring of a watch is a power that pervades every portion of its mechanism. Ask the mainspring what time it is, beg and importune till your lungs ache, it will be as incommunicative as God himself ; but turn your misdirected eyes to the face and you get information, not the less due to the mainspring that seemed so unbending and cruel.

No doubt the water-wheel is a miller's prime reliance, but from that will he get meal ? So all our reliance is on God, as prime mover and central force of all, but we get no grist by opening our beggar's wallet to him. The path is clear. Work is the price of good, a wise use of means the road to any success, and God gives no bounties to mendicants, though their petitions be elegant with sentimental expressions or tinged with appeals to royal vanity. The want that you can conquer has its provision in your nature ; the want that has no help within you is provided for by his organized benevolence in fellow hearts : and even there that is the best help which puts you in a way to help yourself, while the necessity that has no escape but divine interference is God's call to another sphere.

Say, now, that God is the infinite mainspring, the source of power, the sum of the endless forces that move all things, Power, Goodness, Beauty, Life, Love,—that not an atom escapes that vital energy, not one appropriates it, life is its transmission, law its method,—and your relation to it becomes clear. You are recipient of his bounty, not by favor, but by necessity, not by your desire, but by your relation; and passivity to the informing power, with activity of personal endeavor, is the true attitude of the devout soul.

To say that God is aloof from the world because every motion and method is eternally provided for is to say the mainspring of the watch is careless of the time of day, the water-wheel of the grist. The wise man seeks out the law of supply adequate to every want, and appeals by right work to that, having learned that God's methods are universal, in him is no shadow of turning, that he reveals himself only through law, and his approach to finite souls is through ways alike for all, not personal or partial to any.

The God we project in the infinite is the magnified image of our own attributes, distorted it may be, but still the Brocken Phantom of our climbing souls hung out gigantic on the misty air. The limits of our vision are as surely a part of our nature as our vision itself, and are no less subject to its law. If man had another faculty his God would have another attribute in the statement of his being. Doubtless from the grandeur we can conceive we are justified in supposing that he has an infinity of attributes, varied and nameless, to which we can assign no character because their germs in us are so rudimentary as to escape our consciousness. The finites of Justice, Mercy, Truth, and Power we have, and adore their magnified conception. When our conception grows the name still adheres. We have no larger word for the clearer notion, having bestowed our broadest, holiest name on the older conception. Had each distinct idea of God a new God-name, our system would approximate that of the ancient heathen, who individualized every new conception, and held it by a proper name. But to our genealogical line of successive divinities we give but a generic term, thus fitting the larger growth as the lesser; and when, as we sometimes do, we

give a personal name to any deific conception, as Jehovah, or Jesus, we are simply heathen localizing and limiting instead of expressing a universal All-God.

There are yearnings of aspiring souls that seem too high for earth; there are natural longings of warm hearts that seem to justify a supernatural hope; there are tender feelings that, after all visible answer, still hunger for a higher love, and give strong assurance of our relation to the Highest. On these the honest worshiper builds his trust in a supernatural interference, and the cunning priest of superstition erects his structure of fraud to overawe and imprison the souls of men. Between the two, working on the hopes and fears, the loves and ambitions of the boundless heart, what wonder that the calm philosopher should be in a small minority, and his clear utterance be accused of irreligion?

The advocates of begging petitions assert that the man who is most given to prayer is the most pious, the most religious, the best man. Perhaps he is; but in my experience he is not the most dutiful child who is always teasing his mother for cakes, or importuning his father for a shilling. If I learn that even before I was born my father had provided for all my wants and had left no contingency without provision, that he had furnished land and tools and books, and a whole career mapped out for me, and then bequeathed me the wit to use and improve all, whether should I show the more gratitude and filial piety, in going on and developing all those resources and unfolding those powers, or by kneeling at his feet with flattering words, three times a day, to beg as a special favor what I should have worked out from his beneficent gift? Having from his bounty the land, the tools, the wit and vigor, what but an insult would it be to ask him for the bread. A cheerful acceptance of his ample provisions, and acquiescence in the conditions of life as set before me, would seem the better expression of filial piety. If infinite wisdom and goodness had left anything to be bettered by an after-thought, anything to be learned by the suggestions of his finite creatures, any place where universal law did not reach and work, we might be justified in begging, and in volunteering our humble counsel to the Director of things. But till we know

better than God what we need, till we have certainty that he has overlooked some prime necessity of ours, and needs to be roused to a consciousness of his benevolent duty, we shall show more faith and piety by our silence than by our prayers.

While all our power of self-help is the product of his bounty, and even our very helplessness has been provided for in that benevolence which is organic in every soul, we show little gratitude by our asking. What wisdom could teach us we had already, or did not need.

When at last no provision of the universal Providence within or without us can save us from dissolution, it is certain that the hour of our transition has come, and we may be sure that the same benevolence presides there as everywhere. We go forward to another sphere where life opens under the same conditions, as to law and constancy, though exalted to a nobler range. What we have accomplished goes with us as organic force and accumulated wisdom. Nothing is lost, nothing is added not won by the laws of eternal equity, so much result for so much effort. God's love is everywhere, so that in every event we are safe, and death is his best gift when life has no more to offer. Perpetual obedience is better than prayer; eternal thankfulness precludes the possibility of asking.

GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

GOETHE'S CONVERSATIONS

WITH CHANCELLOR FRIEDRICH VON MÜLLER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY C. C. SHACKFORD.

FEB. 3, 1823. I found him alone at six in the evening, except that his little grandson was there turning over the leaves of a picture-book. The old gentleman, from time to time, hushed his noisy demonstrations and numerous questions in the most patient way, and at last prevailed upon him by all sorts of persuasions to go to sleep on the bed in the cabinet.

The important news of the war with Spain furnished the first topic of conversation. Goethe was convinced that a plan had been settled at Verona to support France; that Spain was to be reduced, cost what it might, and that before long more serious measures would be made apparent than were now dreamed of. The opposition of Würtemberg to Austria's supremacy seemed to him absurd, like every opposition which did not have some positive end in view.

"If I had ever been so unfortunate as to be obliged to be in the opposition, I would much rather excite insurrection and revolution than to be forever pacing round and round in the dreary ruts of everlasting fault-finding with what was established. I have never in my life been disposed to array myself against the overpowering stream of the multitude, or place myself in hostile, profitless opposition to the ruling power: I have preferred to draw myself back into my shell, and house myself therein as I pleased. What comes of this everlasting opposing, and ill-humored criticising and negation, we see in Knebel: it has made him one of the most discontented, and most unhappy of men; his inside is all gone, like a crab shell, and one cannot live with him two days together in peace, because he attacks everything that one holds dear."

We then spoke of the election of the members of the diet, and of the ministry, whom I had individually to describe to him. Riemer's present ill-humor was the occasion of some conversation in regard to him. Goethe remarked that his strength of character was not sufficient to bear up his talents and knowledge. I cautiously tried to get him to encourage Riemer by friendly attentions, which also have their good influence.

He then advanced a formal theory of discontent: "What we nourish within us grows; this is an eternal law of nature. There is an organ of dislike, of dissatisfaction in us, just as there is one of opposition, of skepticism. The more we give it nourishment, call it into exercise, the more powerful it becomes, until it is changed into a running sore and spreads corruption. Then come repentance, reproaches, and other absurdities; we get to be unjust to others and to ourselves; we no longer rejoice in our own success and attainments and in those of others;

and in our despair we at last seek for the cause of every evil outside of ourselves, instead of finding it in our own perverseness. Let each one take every person and every event according to their own sense,—go out of himself that he may the more freely return to himself again." At eight o'clock I left him, and it seemed as if he would have liked for me to remain yet longer with him.

MONDAY, March 31. I was with him to-day from six to half past nine. Riemer was present, and also Meyer, the early part of the evening,—of many interesting, pleasant and genial evenings, one of the most so. Goethe was thoroughly cheerful, composed, communicative, instructive; no pique, no irony, nothing passionate or repellant.

Riemer remarked that it was a great error to separate knowledge and character; that the one attained force only through the other,—through character knowledge first acquired real power: one could, at all events, live without knowledge, but not without character. "To be sure," replied Goethe, "knowledge is not a substitute for character, but it supplements it. In all the relations and vicissitudes of my life, the positiveness of my character has stood me in good turn: I could hold my peace for a quarter of a year and be patient as a dog, but without letting go the end I had in view; and, if I succeeded in carrying it out, I pressed forward with all my energies to the goal, let what would happen on the right hand or the left. But how I have been calumniated, and the most so for my noblest undertakings! But I cared nothing for the outcry of people. The children and their behavior towards me were often my barometer for judging of the disposition of their parents. I took for granted that my colleagues were just what they were, their characters fixed facts, who could act no differently from what they did, and I arranged my relations with them accordingly. At the same time I endeavored to see everything about me as it really was. I became a member of the war commission solely for the purpose of helping the finances in the war expenditure, as there was the place to make the first savings. Only the most pronounced disinterestedness could keep a *parvenu* such as I was in my position. I had admonitions to a different

course from many quarters ; but I have expended here my literary earnings and two-thirds of my paternal inheritance, receiving at first twelve hundred and then fifteen hundred thalers until 1815." Riemer said, "Ah!—how happy you are, to have been able to stand thus firmly upon your feet in the midst of life ; with all my striving, I cannot get into life, to say nothing of getting through it."

MONDAY, April 21. Goethe spoke of the philosophical systems of Kant, Fichte, and Schelling, remarking that the double-dealing of the last in regard to religious subjects had occasioned great confusion, and rational theology had been put back half a century.

THURSDAY, Sept. 18. The birthday of my little godson Wolf led me to-day to Ottilie, and afterwards to the old gentleman, with whom I found Meyer. Goethe criticised with severity the last essay by Humboldt on Volcanoes. "This friend," said he, "has never had in reality a high method, — merely a great deal of sound sense, great zeal and persistency. In æsthetics every one may think and feel as he pleases ; but in natural science the false are simply intolerable."

The conversation now turning upon the efforts of the monarchists to repress freedom and enlightenment, Goethe said, "In the principle of upholding the existing, and preventing the revolutionary, I entirely agree with them, but not in the means they take for that end. They call in the aid of stupidity and darkness ; I, of understanding and light."

TUESDAY, Sept. 23. I had no sooner entered Goethe's room, at six o'clock, principally to announce Prof. Umbreit for to-morrow, than the old gentleman poured forth his wrath at our new law in regard to the marriage of those who belonged to the Jewish faith. He foreboded the worst and most direful consequences therefrom, maintaining that if the Superintendent-General had any character he would sooner resign his place than perform the service of marriage for a Jewess in church in the name of the Holy Trinity ; that all moral feelings in the family, which rested solely on the religious, would be undermined by such a scandalous law. His feeling of annoyance at being shut up here again, after his pleasant stay at Marienbad, showed

itself in many ways during the whole evening. When I urged him to take a drive every day, he said, "Who is there for me to go with and not feel *ennui*? De Stäel very rightly said to me once, '*Il vous faut de la séduction*.' Yes, I came back here well and in good spirits; I have been happy for three months, passing from one interest to another, drawn from one magnet to another, tossed almost like a ball this way and that: but now, the ball remains in the corner, and I must bury myself the winter long in my badger-hole and see how I can contrive to botch through it." How painful it is, indeed, to become aware of the inward disturbance of such a soul; to see how the lost equilibrium cannot be restored by science, by art, without the most earnest struggles, and how the richest experiences of life, the most brilliant external relations, cannot protect him therefrom. What was specially noticeable in his zeal for the Jews was the deep respect for positive religions, for existing state institutions, which was to be clearly seen in spite of all his free-thinking. "Do we want to be utterly absurd,—to turn everything into caricature?" said he, among other things.

MONDAY, Sept. 29. I was with Goethe from seven to half past eleven o'clock, P.M. Meyer and Riemer were also present, and State-Councillor Schultz, who appeared to be a man of excellent understanding, thoughtful and self-collected, whose noble features indicated physical suffering and deep reflection. A portfolio of copper-plate engravings of Raphaël's time was looked through. After supper,—the first for a long time,—Goethe exhibited three magnificent bronze medallions of the fifteenth century. On one was a roe torn to pieces by young eagles, the old eagle perched aloft, bearing the inscription, "*Liberalitas augusta*." Goethe has about two thousand of these bronze medallions, for many of which he paid a silver florin each. The translation of Cellini first gave him the idea of collecting the medallions of the popes and their times. He has a complete collection of the heads of Martin V. and all his successors. Their arrangement gave him occasion to speak of the art and difficulty of properly preserving letters, papers, curiosities of all sorts, and how little satisfaction, moreover, one derived from their possession. After tea Riemer and Goethe

spoke of metaphors and carrying them out. Modern pedants required it to be done to the minutest particular. Goethe liked to make a leap, just as the imagination frequently does, piling one upon another, and explaining one by that which follows. Riemer gave illustrations, from common usage of language, how impossible it was to get along without an intermixture of metaphors, as, for example, setting something to work. I am sorry to say that I was too tired to give perfect attention.

THURSDAY, Oct. 2. Schultz played, Ottilie sang. Soret came, and Goethe mineralogized with him a long time, afterwards talking very poetically on the subject: there was a great variety of scientific views, but it was often because of some paper partitions which could be broken through with the elbow. After a little he took me alone with him in the recess of the blue room, and the conversation turned upon the organizing of his winter receptions. "See: if this winter I am to be well off among you, I must have cheerful society and pleasant excitements after I have had such a rich abundance of them at Marienbad. Would it not to be possible to extend invitations, once for all, to a social circle to meet daily at my house, sometimes in a larger and sometimes smaller number? Each guest might come and stay as long as he or she pleased, and bring others to the heart's content. The rooms could be always opened at seven, lighted, and tea and the perquisites thereto furnished in abundance. The guests might play, sing, read, chat, according to their inclination and agreement; I would appear and disappear as I chose, and if I should not be present at all it must make no difference. The essential thing would be to have one of our most respected ladies to take the position of a sort of a patroness of this social union, and no one would answer the purpose better than Frau von Fritsch. Thus a sort of perpetual tea-party would be organized, as the perpetual lamp burns in certain chapels. I beg that you would help further and carry out these cursory ideas and plans."

After a while he began to find fault with my too great leniency and that of Riemer in criticising Schenk's poem on Canova. It had not one spark of genuine poetic spirit: it was merely rhetorical, in fact proceeded on false and pernicious principles.

Our own productions might be good enough, but we did not show that we were genuine disciples of his school of criticism. One was obliged to praise only the best, to give his consent only to intrinsically worthy and adequate treatment in poetic subjects, and always propose the most weighty themes.

He then showed me a large number of landscape drawings, made while he lived at Jena, and expressed regret that he had not been able to make any designs since that period, and that he had thereby lost infinitely in self-satisfaction. We went into the dining-room, where the rest were very merry. He made all sorts of pleasant jests about the loosely hanging cap-ribbons; and then he spoke of Byron, praised his "Cain," particularly the murder scene. "Byron alone passes current with me! Walter Scott is nothing in comparison. The Persians, in the fifth century, accepted only seven poets as of the first rank, and several of those who were rejected among the rank and file were better than I." When he noticed that Ulrika was sleepy, he jestingly pretended to be very angry that his history of Persian literature was wasted on her and the other young people, and drove them away with comic violence.

TUESDAY, Oct. 7. To-day at dinner Goethe, who had been to Belvedere with Reinhard, was very cheerful and in excellent spirits. State-Councillor Schultz, from Berlin, dined with us, and brought to Goethe the Juno Ludovisi as a present. At the dessert I read aloud the ironical Jewish letter of George Harrys on the entrance of the Allies into Paris in 1814. After dinner I went with Reinhard into Goethe's Ilm-garden. The splendid weather, the beautiful evening illumination, and a chorus of singers from the Gymnasium excited in Reinhard the deepest joy. In the evening Goethe showed us a great number of his own drawings, the magnificent Tischbein portfolio with its witty catalogue, and also a sketch of his room at Rome, together with the bust of Juno. "Are you a dozen in one, that you could do so incredible a number of things?" said Reinhard to Goethe.

SUNDAY, Oct. 12. I was at Goethe's house from half past five to half past six with Lina von Egloffstein. He spoke of Byron's "Cain," and "Heaven and Earth." He gave a summary of the latter piece with incomparable humor and pleas-

antry. It was much quieter, clearer than the former, and though too mystical, too bitter, was lofty, bold, aggressive. It was, however, not at all more blasphemous than the old dogmas themselves, which depict an angry, wrathful, unjust, partial God. "Thomas Moore has written nothing to satisfy me; I have read two of Walter Scott's romances, and I know what he can do and what he wishes to do. He would always amuse me, but I can learn nothing from him. I have time only for what is most excellent."

SUNDAY, Oct. 19. In the interim of being at court I was at Goethe's. He said that the doctrine of the deity of Christ, decreed by the Council of Nice, was very serviceable, even necessary, to despotism. Reinhard's present of "*Tibullus*," led to a very serious conversation on the "*Ecce jacet Tibullus*," and the belief in a personal future existence. Goethe expressed himself very decidedly: that it was utterly impossible for a thinking being to contemplate an annihilation, a cessation of thought and life; so far each one carried with him the proof of immortality, and that it was wholly involuntary. But as soon as one wanted to step objectively out of himself, as soon as one began to prove dogmatically a personal future existence, form a definite conception of it, and give a literal and prosy equipment to the conception, he lost himself in contradictions. But nevertheless man was continually impelled to the desire to reconcile the impossible. Almost all laws were the syntheses of the impossible, as, for example, the institution of marriage. And yet that it was well for it to be so, as by postulating the impossible, what was possible would be obtained by the effort.

RELIGIOUS CONCEIT.

Amid all the manifold divisions of the Christian world, are we the only Christians who, without having anything to learn from the knowledge and civilization of the last three centuries, have started up, without infancy and without error, into consummate wisdom and spotless perfection? — *Sydney Smith.*

SUPPOSE we raise this pregnant question to the next higher power. Amidst all the manifold religions of this world, is the Christian the one which embraces all the truth, and excludes all the error, having everything to teach and nothing to learn from others? Many years ago I was familiar with the publications of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The enterprise of imparting spiritual light and life, supposing our Christendom full and the rest of the world destitute, impressed me as the noblest conceivable. The Board appeared to proceed upon this assumption. I do not remember that any missionary was charged to look and study carefully for any tenets in the systems of religion that might fall under his observation that could be profitably added to our own, and send them home for our benefit. Perhaps this has been done more recently, and successful missionaries in this line have received thanks accordingly, all which I have lost by not reading the missionary publications. But while my intimacy with "Missionary Heralds" lasted, the testimony borne in regard to every religion encountered within missionary "fields," with perhaps the exception of some stray fragments of Christianity in a state of decay, seemed to be gloomy in the extreme: it made them worse, in fact, if such a thing could be, than no religion at all. Those pictures of the visible blackness of darkness, freely used to stimulate the Christian world to a commensurate activity, and which never did it, at last seemed to me too appalling to be quite true. Was the evidence such as bound me to accept them? I had known a number of missionaries intimately in their boyhood. All of them were earnest and devoted religionists, but only one of them could be depended upon to use his own eyes rather than spectacles prepared to order. The latter

did see something good in heathen religion, and his connection with the missionary work ceased from the moment he announced the fact. Much as I respected the earnestness and sincerity of the other men, knowing how easy it is for the best and purest of zealots not to see or believe anything which does not accord with their already established theory, their testimony failed to ripen the original missionary assumption into a conviction.

Let us look at this question dispassionately. Christianity is said to be the main pillar of our society and civilization. Knock it away and we have chaos, nothing but heaps of living ruins. Science, sewing-machines, reaping-machines, railroads, telegraphs, won't save us. Yet society exists in the greater part of the rest of the world, in spite of its lack of science and machinery. Does it stand without pillars? Is Christianity to go for everything in our state of society, and the heathen religions for nothing in theirs? Can great cities and long-lived nations exist without any good men or pure women? Such cities and nations can be cited in abundance without a single Christian. They must be due to the plentiful existence of good people, made so either by the heathen religions, or the natural religion, or else it is a grand mistake to believe in *total* depravity. Hence, it does not follow that, if Christianity and all its peculiar institutions were to be discarded, the society and civilization of Christendom would be ruined. It might be more or less damaged, just in proportion to the natural, or human-natural religion which should be discarded along with it.

The question for Christians to consider is, whether they will attribute to heathen religion or natural religion the very considerable sound morality, social order, and human happiness which cannot be denied to exist out of Christendom. If they attribute these good points to heathen religions, they may have something to take as well as much to give in prosecuting their missionary work. In other words, the self-conceit of Christianity should not be quite total. On the other hand, if they attribute these good points to a natural religion which underlies the various heathen theologies and *cultes*, then it would seem reasonable to concede some virtue to the natural religion which under-

lies Christianity itself. Possibly that, aided by the arts and sciences, some of which — as witness astronomy and geology — owe small thanks to any religion but the natural, if all that is peculiar to Christianity should be swept away, and all men should become as Christless as Abraham Lincoln was, would prevent society from falling into chaos. At all events, till we absolutely know that there are not in heathendom veritable saints, male and female, that will compare under their circumstances favorably with Christian saints of the same sexes, let us not take on airs as if we did. Let us apply outside of Christianity some of that admirable charity and modesty that our own delectable saint, Sydney Smith, would have us apply inside of it.

In this grand civilization of ours, in which there are so many books that one cannot read, so many sciences that one cannot master, so many arts that one cannot become adept in, individual modesty has become a sort of necessity. Yet a man who feels himself a stranger in his own native city, and knows perfectly well that personally he knows nothing at all of the spiritual condition or religious character of millions and millions of his fellow-men, — whatever they call themselves, Christians or heathen, — will assume that Christianity, or Christendom, or the Christian Church, made up of a few millions, perhaps, at the most, of Christians just as ignorant as himself, is infinitely more productive of saintship than any other actual or possible form of religion. As a man, he is modest and unpretending; as a Christian, he is consummately self-conceited. How long can Christianity as a system maintain a style of self-conceit to which no man but a bigot and a humbug can give any personal support? It is this stupendous top-loftiness of its own, and not the undermining of its enemies, which will bring it down, if it ever falls. Plainly it is tremulous, and has a dose to take, or it must die. And modesty is not the worst dose in the world to take, nor is it unprecedented, even for larger patients than ours. Here is this entire earth, which once ran of the notion that sun, moon, and stars existed purely for its sake, and busied themselves entirely with performing obeisance. Dr. Galileo saw what was the matter, and prescribed a grain of truth, to be

taken at sunrise and sunset, dissolved in a suitable quantity of modesty. The patient made a wry face and kicked the doctor into the coal-hole, but nevertheless had to take the medicine and go about her business a more sensible planet.

ELIZUR WRIGHT.

SOMEWHERE.

SOMEWHERE, await the treasures we have strewn,
Which idol hands and feet have rudely shattered ;
And tenderest love shall gather as its own
The pearls thus scattered.

Somewhere, the tears of broken-hearted trust,
Of patient sacrifice, and self-submission,
Shall form the rainbow promise of a just
And full fruition.

Somewhere, the narrow stepping-stones we tread —
The steep and terrible ascent of Duty —
Shall change to velvet terraces, o'erspread
With emerald beauty.

Somewhere, the doubtful seed that we have sown
Shall well disprove a cold, uncertain rootage,
And vindicate the hope we now disown
By fairest fruitage.

Somewhere, our human effort of to-day,
The faltering outcome of a pure intention,
Eternity shall hold as brave assay
And true ascension.

O Universal Soul ! The finite range
Of earth and time may dwarf our high endeavor,
Yet Life is victory, through the evolving change
Of thy Forever.

AUGUSTA COOPER BRISTOL.

A SYMPOSIUM IN LONDON.

THE Symposium at Athens had a long foreground ; and I too must show the path which led up to ours, and made it worthy of a foremost place in our Memorabilia. While the Germans and the French have been filling the eye and the ear of the world with the tremendous tragedy of a war under which the old political order of Europe has crumbled, we have been witnessing, here in England, very impressive scenes in a conflict no less important to the old religious order. The most important of these was the trial and condemnation of Mr. Voysey. Mr. Voysey has been condemned for uniting in himself the heresies which are severally held by many of the most distinguished clergymen of the English Church. Bishop Colenso, the Bishop of St. David's, Dean Stanley, Canon Kingsley, Canon Maurice, Prof. Jowett, have fed Voysey's heretical mind ; he is their child, and they have seen his head cut off and thrown to the Evangelical mob for sins of which they are all equally guilty. They are all labeled now with a creed which Voysey has been expelled for holding. The Church and State have said to them with authoritative voice, "You hold your positions dishonestly and illegally unless you believe that God is a tyrant, man a child of Satan, and unless you believe in the talking ass of Balaam, Jonah's three days' residence in the whale's belly, the Bible witches, and in hell with its fire and brimstone." Notoriously these eminent scholars of the Church believe none of these dogmas ; and the country now looks on to see what steps they will take to place themselves in an honorable position. Then there came the strange scene concerning the invitation which had been extended to Rev. Dr. Vance Smith, a Unitarian, to take part in the retranslation of the Scriptures. The bishops who make up the Upper House of Convocation did this thing ; but afterwards, when Dr. Vance Smith had the communion administered to him along with the rest in Westminster Abbey, they were sore scandalized. They felt like Judas when "he saw what he had done ;" and this year they solemnly revoked their invitation to

Dr. Vance Smith, and sat down in sackcloth and ashes for having communed with a Socinian. But when they did this, Dr. Thirlwall, the Bishop of St. David's, rose up and rebuked them for their intolerance, and resigned his place on the Bible-Revision Committee. This was fatal; for Thirlwall was the first scholar on the Committee. The bishops implored him not to resign: he was immovable. The revocation of the invitation to Dr. Smith passed to the Lower House of Convocation. There it was encountered by Dean Stanley, who, with a power and boldness with which he has not hitherto been credited, shamed the action down. The Lower House refused to sanction the act, and the bishops had to yield. So the Bishop of St. David's, with the Unitarian Vance Smith at his side, resumes his place on the Committee for the Revision of the Bible.

By a singular coincidence these things happened about the time that Prof. Jowett, the finest educator in England since Dr. Arnold's death, was made the Master of Balliol College, Oxford. In America Prof. Jowett may probably have some reputation among Greek scholars, and some may remember that he was one of the writers of the famous "Essays and Reviews." Here he is known as a man who has put forth around himself a "school" as important in England as the Academe which surrounded Plato in Athens. His influence in shaping to liberalism the young scholars of this country has been so great that of all men he is most hated and feared by the High-Church and the Hard-Church party. As these latter parties held sway until lately at Oxford, they were able to keep Jowett, who was Professor of Greek, doing the hardest work of any man at Oxford, on only forty pounds salary. But he valued his opportunity; he would not allow them to starve him out; and though by resigning and going elsewhere he might have gained fortune, he stuck to his post many years. At last the students rose against the shameful injustice of the thing: Pusey & Co. had to yield; and upon the reaction they had provoked Jowett was made the Master where he had been the slave of Balliol, and now occupies the very highest educational position in England. It was under these circumstances that he was invited to come to London, where he has been delivering most admirable lectures on Socra-

tes, at the Royal Institution, to great crowds. And he came with a splendid evidence of his powers in his hand: namely, the full translation of Plato's Dialogues, which Macmillan has just published in four volumes, a translation which will probably supersede any further efforts of scholarship in that direction.

In reading this magnificent work, which has been completed amid the raging of the political elements, I have been reminded of a curious illustration of Goethe's absorption in his studies under somewhat similar circumstances forty years ago. The story is taken from Soret's Diary:—

"MONDAY, Aug. 2, 1830. The news of the opening of the July Revolution (Paris) arrived to-day in Weimar, and put everything in excitement. I went in the course of the afternoon to Goethe. 'Well,' cried he at once, 'what do you think of this great event? The volcano has broken out, everything is in flames, and there is no longer any action with closed doors.' 'A fearful affair,' I replied, 'but what else could be expected under the circumstances, and with such a Ministry, than that they would end with the banishment of the royal family?'—'We appear not to understand one another, my best one,' answered Goethe; 'I do not speak at all of those people. I speak of the contest in the Academy, so immensely important for science, which has just come to open outbreak between Cuvier and Geoffroy de St. Hilaire.'"

If the great German were pursuing his studies at Weimar to-day, it is probable that his absorption would hardly be proof against the present condition of Paris; nevertheless, when we reflect upon the enduring results which have come from that very discussion which so interested Goethe, which did much to establish a new mode of treating nature, and, on the other hand, see how really small was the noisy affair of 1830, we may feel a certain satisfaction in knowing, that, amid the wildest political storms, or through reigns of terror, there are souls sitting in calmness at their tasks of thought or art, not to be turned aside or distracted.

It is equally phenomenal that a work of pure scholarship of such magnitude as Prof. Jowett's "Plato" should appear at such a moment as this. It is not unlikely that some twenty-five hundred years ago there were eminent politicians and military men

of Athens, standing as distinguished figures amid seemingly vast events, who thought very little of those idlers of the poplar grove, discussing what they called philosophy; but one has to search after those famous captains and their so tremendous struggles, while the "idlers" of the Academy are alive and walk with us as our masters and guides to-day. Unconfined to their own age, reproduced in the great minds they have inspired, and in the ideal beliefs to which they have moulded us, Plato and Socrates live more really than many of the human forms moving around us, but inwardly furnished only with defunct notions. And when changes and catastrophes, and their heroes, which seem to us in the present day of immeasurable importance, shall be of interest only to the antiquarian, it is probable that they who follow us may pick out from our contemporaries (as we from Athens), some who are little recognized and less loved by ourselves, as those who upheld the purer standard and advanced the greater cause. Nevertheless, if Greece offered hemlock to its wise men it offered homage also, hemlock being indeed a reply to the homage; and if there be an England which can persecute a scholar for his honest thought, and keep him for many years at heavy work on forty pounds, there is an England that can shame the injustice down at last, and gather many of its best minds around an intellectual benefactor in a true Symposium. No success of our time has been more nobly earned, none is more untainted by servile compliance, than that bestowed on the new Master of Balliol; and it is notable that this personal success should coincide with the appearance of his greatest work.

Prof. Jowett's "Dialogues of Plato" is more than a translation in the ordinary sense of that term. Not alone because of its admirable notes and lucid introductions, which surround the dialogue with the scenery of illustrative beauty, nor even by reason of the important philological criticisms scattered through the volumes, illuminating many a dark saying; but, along with these, there is a felicitous reproduction of the very trick and tint, and of the life and spirit, of the Platonic writings. If any scholars have doubted Goethe's saying, that whatever is good in a book is translatable, or Emerson's declaration, that he would

no more think of reading translated books in the original than he would swim a river with a bridge near by, they may perhaps reconsider their doubts when they peruse these pure and noble sentences. But, after all, the question may arise, why all this work over Plato? His customs and beliefs are not ours. We are not appointed to dwell under the skies of ancient Hellas. The question is but raised again when Prof. Jowett says, "His truth may not be our truth, and nevertheless may have an extraordinary value and interest for us." What is that interest? It is as likely as not to elude us when we read the Dialogues themselves. There are indeed innumerable sentences which are still electric. When temperance is defined as "doing our own business;" when Charmides is told that the soul is healed of its maladies "by the use of certain charms, and these charms are fair words," or, according to other translators, "beautiful reasons;" where the dialectician is described as the grafter who gathers his fruit from other natures,—we can almost feel a surprise that in the next sentence we do not find some allusion to Carlyle or Tennyson, so long is the foreground of culture implied in such ideas, and in their shrines of expression. But one must pass through a wilderness of technicalities and verbal hair-splittings to gather such flowers. "Will the license of the time," tremblingly asks Montaigne, "excuse the sacrilegious boldness of my lamenting so much time lost by Plato, a man who had so many better things to say, in so many long and needless preliminary interlocutions?" Yet Montaigne elsewhere says, "Plato carried away the surname of Divine by so universal a consent that none ever repined at or attempted to deprive him of it." The feeling of idealistic philosophers and theologians for Plato is surely based upon something deeper than delight in the utility or elegancies of his work. Dr. Sewell sees in the "Republic" a prophetic outline filled up by the Roman-Catholic Church. Coleridge declared the same work an anticipation of Protestant Christianity. Plato has been claimed by each sect as favoring its peculiar tenets, just as from time to time we have it made out to the satisfaction of somebody that Shakespeare was a doctor, a lawyer, &c. I believe the true interpretation of the relation of the theological and

metaphysical minds of the present day to Plato will be found in the curious points of resemblance between the age in which that philosopher lived, and whose spiritual tendencies he represented, and that through which these latest generations are passing. Like his, our century thus far, and much of that which preceded it, has passed in unintermitted transition from old to new ideas, and amid the warfare of skepticism upon established beliefs. Then, as now, to philosophical thinkers the real interest of the struggle was narrowed to the issue between schools corresponding to those which, though variously designated, we may call roughly Materialism and Idealism. This conflict of thought—which Prof. Huxley holds must, from its own terms, be always “a drawn battle”—is most singularly reflected in the “Dialogues of Plato,” and to a certain extent finds some interpretation there. The history of one such intellectual or speculative movement is the history of all; and the Academe has been understood and, as it were, attended and loved by large numbers of idealists in Germany, France, and England, and transcendentalists in America, who have found that, though the form of Platonic statement might be pagan, to the studious eye it opened, like the carved Silenus of the Symposium, revealing the divine images of truth and beauty within.

At any rate, I do not know any place which has shown more nearly the age, the trials, and the thoughts represented in the *Life and Dialogues of Plato* than Balliol. With that College are associated Newman, Clough, Stanley, Matthew Arnold, Thomas Hughes, and many a noble spirit of less repute; and at them Miletus has glared his intolerance, and the hemlock of persecution has not been wanting. Prof. Jowett has been the centre of this school, and the main target for religious bigotry. “He who would write an epic must first live an epic,” said Milton. Prof. Jowett has been able to interpret the Academe as much by his experience of trials similar to those Socrates had to bear as by his exquisite scholarship.

His presence in London was made the occasion for the most interesting banquet I have ever attended. It was at the Albion Hotel in the city of London. There were present the foremost thinkers of England,—Huxley, Davidson, Stanley, Temple,

Nichols, Houghton, Browning, Arnold, and many another, while the Peers sent Lansdowne, Westbury, and two or three other Lords, and the Cabinet sent the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Lowe) and the Secretary of War (Cardwell) to do honor to this noble and valiant man. It was a scene of beautiful enthusiasm. Dean Stanley, who was in the chair, recounted in most impressive language the old struggles, which, under the stigma of heresy, he had borne side by side with Jowett, and how as young students they had wandered together in Germany to visit Schelling and other thinkers. Prof. Jowett, who, by the way, is personally the ideal of a scholar, the very image of a pure thought, told the recent history of culture at Balliol. Lord Westbury and Mr. Lowe denounced the worn-out forms of the University, and marveled at their retention. It was a veritable Symposium, which deserved a Plato to record it. As I sat there, with a hundred and forty others, — most of them men who are shaping the opinions and aims of the rising generation, — I could not help recalling the saying of Lord Bacon in his essay on "Followers and Friends," that he who maketh his train longer may make his wings shorter. Prof. Jowett has not lowered his aim, nor descended from any height, to obtain followers or friends; and if, in consequence, he has not a very long train of such, he is at least entitled to claim that they who gather around him are guests of his thought, friends whom he has not stooped to conquer, and who affirm their own high purpose in life by honoring his. Many varieties of thought and character were represented among those who assembled at the Albion, and such differences demonstrate the healthiness of the influence by which their growth has been aided. There is a kind of personal power which shows itself in reducing others to ciphers, swelling the value of the figure that stands at their head; but there is another kind of force, more like the sunshine, which leads out each nature to bear fruit after its own kind. No influence was more marked in its effects than that of Dr. Arnold; yet it was an individualizing influence, and has been represented by no clique, only by a certain frankness and manliness, which have characterized so many of his pupils in the most diverse paths of life. It has even become a kind of capital, or quotable moral

premium, to have been a pupil of Arnold, and Arthur Clough found it so even far away in America. Prof. Jowett, whose relation to the young men with whom he has had contact nearly resembles that of Arnold, must have recognized in many of those who gathered around him—fresh from the pulpit or bar or Parliament, from the library, the studio, and arenas of social and political struggle—a legitimate connection with that wise training whose traditions he has followed, which holds a man to the use of his own limbs, pledges him to the verdict of his own faculties, and shows him that earnestness and fidelity can be preserved only under loyalty to aims selected by his own genius.

In this country there is peculiar reason for joining in the cordial welcome extended to the educator who has revived the ancient fame of Balliol. There were signs of misgiving at the opinion expressed by Dean Stanley, that it is well to keep an institution standing from generation to generation, simply in the faith that at last the right man to make something of it will arrive; but it is certain that nearly all of the real good that English universities can accomplish depends upon the presence in them of such individual masters. They were constituted to meet other wants than ours; their forms are not the physiognomy of our own spiritual or intellectual age; and even when, now and then, some monastic feature moulders away from them, it is apt to be replaced by one still far behind that which the most advanced culture would devise to meet the need of the present. Why this should be so I do not pretend to explain. One would think that when the Peer, the Cabinet Minister, the College Master, and the pupils unite in deploring a condition of things in our universities, there ought to be sufficient force for reform somewhere; nevertheless the past still sways the present, and the fair ideal of a college sketched by Prof. Jowett, in which the rich and the poor should learn of each other, and there should be plain living and high thinking, and freedom, remains for his own hand to build up out of unpromising materials, sure to fall were his care intermitted. That from these cloisters there shall come men equipped for the struggles of the hour, and not a mere procession of reactionists, chanting the liturgies of dead ages, must depend upon the wisdom of think-

ers and teachers, who because they are alive, can impart life. They must defend the young student from the thick shadows which enclose every old institution, while animating him with the inherited glories which form its aureole. It has been by his adequacy to this difficult task that Prof. Jowett became the Master of Balliol; and when that position was officially accorded to him, it was but a tardy public recognition of what had long been the substantial fact of the case. "He was," said the Very Rev. Chairman, "called to his position by the universal suffrage of Oxford." Of the theological or philosophical views of Prof. Jowett little was said. When he alluded to his repute for heresy, it was without bitterness to any, and simply to name with affection those who had been willing to suffer for defending him. In one thing, at least, those present at the Albion agreed: namely, that a man who has held to his conviction through any and every disparagement, seeking and accepting no advantage that should separate him from it, discloses a character which is of much more importance than any particular belief. Diversities of opinion are the inevitable price paid for freedom, and are the alternative of intellectual stagnation; but it will be a sad day for the interests of truth when men shall no longer hold it a point of honor to stand openly by their convictions, or when educated men are so blinded by theological prepossessions as to fail in esteem for

"One in whom persuasion and belief
Have ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition."

Whatever may be the momentary interest of this or that sect, it is the permanent need of truth that honest thought shall be lured forth, not browbeaten,—that every ray that intelligence and study can win for us shall be welcomed with joy, not suspected nor merely tolerated. Let the faithful thinker, once met with fire and faggot, now receive banquets! Let the young men know that our preparations for obtaining knowledge and for spreading knowledge do really signify a new age—an age in which the spirit of persecution may indeed linger, but whose leading tendency is to recognize the true successors of saints

and confessors, not in those who worship their bones or copy their formularies, but rather in those who live and labor in their spirit, and seek truth now, and apply it, as resolutely as they did when alive.

M. D. C.

LOVE COMES AGAIN.

To —.

LOVE comes afresh into my heart,
Yet was it not a stranger there ;
The wish I had did not depart,
But waited with me everywhere.

So long I waited faint I grew,
And almost dead with those dead things
Men here call life, which is not new
Nor living till sweet love it brings.

Then suddenly we feel the stir within
Which love begets, so long in quest ;
It comes not where it has not been, —
Most ancient guest where once a guest.

And as the April sun and rain,
With soft west winds, heralds of May,
Bring all the earth to life again,
So lives with me once more love's day.

J. A.

THE RADICAL CLUB.

THE last meeting of this Club was held at the house of Dr. C. A. Bartol. Mr. William J. Potter read an essay on "The Agency of Law and of Persons in Human History," of which the following is a carefully prepared abstract. The conversation on this occasion was somewhat wandering and confused.

Mr. Potter said, —

Thomas Carlyle says, "The history of what man has accomplished in this world is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here." Henry Thomas Buckle says, that, in the history of mankind, as in the physical world, "all is order, symmetry, and law;" and that it is the business of the historian to show that "the movements of nations are perfectly regular, and that, like all other movements, they are solely determined by their antecedents. If he cannot do this, he may be an annalist, or a biographer, or a chronicler, but is no historian." These two statements represent two quite opposite, though not, perhaps, irreconcilable, ways of regarding human history. The one emphasizes and magnifies the importance of *persons* as leaders of the human race; resolves history substantially into personal character and volition, makes it the sum of the dispositions, energies, and acts of the men who have shown conspicuous ability in human affairs. The other seeks primarily to discover and trace that kind of law and method in human affairs which is behind and antecedent to the character and actions of persons; regards persons as merely the instruments in the unfolding of events which they have little or no power in producing; conceives of humanity in the mass as being pervaded, shaped, and developed by an intelligent force and purpose, which may be called divinity or destiny. On the one hand Carlyle, himself the most brilliant illustrator of his own definition of history, gives us the Life of Frederick the Great as the history of Germany for the eighteenth century; the letters and speeches and acts of Cromwell for the history of Puritanism and England's civil war in the seventeenth century; glowing pictures of a few leading persons and of events happening under their leadership as the history of the French Revolution. And in this Carlyle but carries to the extreme what may be said to have been, until quite recent times, the general theory of history-writing, — namely, the chronicling in their proper connection and order of the deeds of great men, and the transactions of communities and nations under the guidance of great men. On the other hand, in opposition to this theory, Mr. Buckle and the new school of historical writers agreeing with him give us histories of human progress, and even of specific national affairs, in which the personal influence

and existence of individual men, however great and active, are lost sight of almost as if they had never been. These writers endeavor to trace the progress of events to the progress of impersonal ideas and tendencies working in human society in the aggregate. They follow the movements of nations, civilizations, religions, back to certain primary dispositions and sentiments of the human mind, and attempt to show how the development of these, under the various conditions of migration, hereditary law, mixture of race, climate, natural surroundings of all kinds, action and reaction of nations and ideas upon each other, has produced all that variety and steady progress of human affairs which we call history. They claim that both events and ideas have been developed in a certain necessary sequence which personal volition has no power to break or change; and that even the great men who seem to lead are, with all their capacities for thought and action, the product of past general conditions of human development, and have not so much moulded society as been moulded by it.

Of these two theories of history, the latter is evidently getting the ascendancy. A disposition is gaining ground everywhere to believe more in the steady progress of *law* in human affairs than in the fitful, arbitrary power of *will*; to trust the logic of events rather than the authority of persons; to follow the lead of ideas rather than the beck of the hero. More and more with every generation do events seem to follow the average thought and tendencies of a community or a nation, and less and less to be controlled by the dominating power of a few great minds. This was strikingly illustrated in America by our late war. It was most emphatically a *people's* war. It did not produce one single man of transcendent, overmastering genius. Abraham Lincoln became most truly the nation's leader by closely watching and following the national mind; but we criticised him freely while he lived, and only canonized him after his tragic death. Secretary Stanton, with his iron will and heart all aflame with patriotic devotion, showed more than any other the power of a strong personality; but his power arose from the fact that he was a true representative of the courage, patriotism, and love of justice in the heart of the nation. Looking abroad, we see that Gladstone and the Reform Party follow rather than lead the English people. Italy misses Cavour to this day, indeed; and the cause of German unity would be seriously endangered by the loss of Bismarck's sagacity and energy; but these men have been leaders only because they have incarnated, for the time being, in their own persons the *souls* of their respective nations. It begins to be seen that thoughts lead, rather than persons; and thinking people are perceiving that this must apply to all phases and departments of human progress, religious as well as secular; that all history is a tracing of certain impersonal forces or laws in the operation and progress of human society, rather than a collection of personal memoirs and biographies. This theory eliminates the miraculous element from religious history, and hence comes into accord with the scientific thought of modern times. It shows religion at bottom to be allegiance to certain naturally

revealed principles of intelligence and rectitude rather than to supernatural personages, and seeks to explain how the belief in such supernatural persons has arisen out of these natural and universal religious sentiments.

The theory of law in the domain of morals is pushed to its extreme by the statistical school of moralists, who maintain, on the authority of carefully gathered tables of statistics, that there are laws which govern the most trivial as well as the gravest acts of men; that, whatever individuals may do by way of stemming the current, there must be just so many crimes in a given population in a given time.

Now the human mind makes a natural protest against these sweeping assertions. One very important part of human nature feels itself overlooked when the operations of human society are reduced to mere machine activity. And against this extreme the Buckle theory must be guarded by adapting to it a very important element from Carlyle's statement. But, first, let us glance a moment longer at the merits of this theory of the agency of law in the world's history. Of course ecclesiastical Christendom quarrels with it—must quarrel if it would save its traditional schemes of theology. It would have us study Christianity from a different point of view—regard it not as a new creation, but as a growth, the natural result of what had gone before. This theory of history is making a harmonious adjustment between religious philosophy and progress and the new knowledge which man is gaining in other directions. It points to the way of reconciliation between religion and science. All religions, traced backward, show marks of near kinship. The very sign of the cross, which more than any other symbol is identified with Christianity, was in use among the Phenicians, the Romans, the Etruscans; entered into the mythology of the Brahmaic religion in India, and was familiar to the Aztecs in America, and even to the ancient Maya race who preceded the Aztecs. On the hammer of Thor, the old God of Thunder, Baring Gould finds the cross; and nations whose very names are lost in antiquity left it sculptured on the urns in which they put the ashes of their dead. The view of Buckle and his sympathizers is the grand, democratic view of history. It lends dignity to human nature; for it makes all men necessary, and tells us that God does not and cannot incarnate himself wholly in any one person, but must have all humanity for his organs. He works through the whole.

But this theory becomes dangerous and detrimental when it is pushed to the extreme of denying altogether the agency of personal volition and personal responsibility. It then violates both facts and philosophy. We *must* allow for the element of personal power for which Carlyle pleads. The two theories are to be reconciled in a higher synthesis, which shall grasp and unite both agencies,—the agency of law and the agency of persons. That which we call Law in the universe becomes, in human persons, vital, self-conscious, self-active. History is the evolution of human events on this planet through the reciprocal action of Law and Personality,—through the agency of Law, or of impersonal forces and ideas, in the generation of Per-

sonality, and through the agency of persons as the representatives and executors of these impersonal forces and tendencies. Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as "impersonal ideas." Ideas presuppose persons; demand persons for their agents. The true philosophic method detects a subtle relationship between historic characters and events, and traces them back to one ancestry. The great men who appear to be such powers and leaders in critical times embody in themselves the sentiment and tendencies of many generations. The same causes that generate the great historical epochs generate also the breed of men that are needed for the special work of the epochs. Luther and the Reformation were twin-born from the marriage of Christianity to the Teutonic race. Yet Luther, from the close kinship of his own genius with the innermost heart of the Reformation, was a mighty helper in the establishment of the Reformation among the Teutonic people. So also of Cromwell and Washington in their times. And in like manner Buddha and Moses and Jesus and Mohammed, in great epochs of religious history, came by natural descent, through the same lineage that produced the epochs, to give utterance and organization to some new combination of the primitive religious sentiments and forces.

And representatives of the two schools of historians here referred to sometimes appear to exchange places, in recognition of this higher reconciling truth; as Carlyle, when he calls Dante "the spokesman of the Middle Ages," and "The Divine Comedy" "the fruit of the Christian meditation of all the good men who had gone before him;" and as Lecky, from the other side, summing up the relation of Charlemagne to his age, speaks of the necessity that certain tendencies, which he had described as working in the mass of society, should be "represented in some great personage, who by the splendor and beauty of his career should fascinate the imaginations of men." These passages point to that higher ground on which these two theories of history are to be assimilated and harmonized, — to the principle that history is the result of the incarnation of what are called impersonal tendencies and ideas in personal character and life.

And if it be asked what are these "impersonal tendencies and ideas," what answer could we give but to say that they are the attributes of that primal Intelligence and Energy which is the root and substance of the universe. Human history is this universal Energy and Intelligence — which science calls Force, which religion calls Providence — organizing itself in Humanity. And persons are both a result and an instrumentality in this process. All persons are needed; all offer a certain medium for the divine energy. Even the lowest and most inactive races and classes of men furnish a substratum of intelligence and power wherein we find the same elements that are drawn up into the character of the highest races and the most famous men. The crises that have marked the progress of history, the epochs, climaxes, and *modes*, so to speak, are the result of a variety of forces and tendencies coming together from different directions, sometimes fiercely to clash and contend, but always in the end to modify each other

and to start history on a new course, with the advantage of a new combination of vital elements. And naturally and happily the same gathering forces make the conditions under which personal temperament and character are produced. And the power of great men in such historical epochs, and their actual influence in history, will be in proportion to the degree in which they possess and harmonize in their own persons these various forces and elements that have made the crises. We speak of the *founders* of governments and religions. But, properly speaking, there are no founders; only helpers and agents: no founder till we get back to the Power that laid "the foundations of the heavens and the earth." Did Moses "found" the Jewish law, and start the Hebrew people on their career in history? But Moses himself was founded on Egyptian culture added to Hebrew stock. Was Jesus the founder of Christianity? We have to answer again, Not a founder, but only a builder on a foundation already laid. All recent researches into religious history go to show that Christianity has a perfectly natural relationship with various anterior religions, which, before its era, were being drawn into proximity and mutual acquaintance. Jesus, born and growing up under these conditions, became just as naturally the representative and prophet of the era. The elements of the age had met by happy concurrence in him, producing the spiritual genius that was able to apply the fusing touch for helping successfully to combine the same elements outwardly in a new religious and social order. But because he was so great, and stood for so great an era, legend has doubtless with him, as in the case of Charlemagne, attributed to his agency very much that actually belonged to persons and generations before and after him. He had his specific work, and did it well. But not upon his shoulders, however strong or willing, could rest the destinies of the race. Deity puts upon no one person such a mighty responsibility as that. The absolute religion, the perfect truth, is what the whole race is gradually to grow into and achieve, not what any one man or era can establish.

We do not, then, even if we resolve the movements of history into ulterior forces, make the personality of man of little account. Rather do we enlarge and dignify it. Persons are the organs of these divine forces. And if we deny that the famous and prominent actors in history are the makers of history, it is because we assert a power in *all* persons superior to the exceptional power of a *few*. Man stands not for his individual self alone, but for a Divinity behind him which re-enforces his will with its own. When he studies the purport of the hidden forces that stream through him as through nature, and strives to work out their intent, then it is that character and power and a true personality are begotten within him. Thus the old doctrine of Divine Incarnation, superstitious as a specific dogma, but most true and beautiful as an ideal aspiration of the race, becomes a veritable realization. Infinite Intelligence, Energy, Love, clothes itself in the form, activities, and life of humanity.

DR. BARTOL, who opened the discussion, spoke of the essay as a fair and

judicial statement of a great question which is growing more and more important and destined to engage the attention of many generations to come. The question seems to be, What is the personal quantity of the universe? Some might state it, What is the personal quantity out of which and in which the universe is? Is there any quantity or power at all but the personal? "Person"—personal—is after all but a word, and we have continually to hunt behind the word or within the word for the meaning. This word "person" meant originally *mask*. It was the mask through which the actor's voice sounded. We should say not only the person was behind the mask in the actor, but that the actor himself was a mask through which the character he represents on the stage speaks. And what is every soul but a mask through which a great power speaks? Dr. Bartol spoke of the resolvability of all things, even of Mr. Huxley's protoplasm itself. Activity, he said, describes the appearance of the universe. Whether we say power, or word, or person, or act,—each means all the other.

MR. ALCOTT. All persons, in discriminating powers, draw lines more or less distinct between what they call their powers and powers not theirs. I observe that most persons have been saying that all our minds are finite, and hence we cannot comprehend the infinite. Suppose we take the other view of this old question, and affirm that all mind is infinite, and by the very nature and essence of mind it must be infinite, unbounded, untrammelled, unimpeded, and that power as power is never limited, except by itself, and hence the infinite, as we may look at it if we take that view of it, is not something distinct from our essence, and which we call our personality. Our being, constituted of will and thought and sensibility, is infinite; and it is because this being, our real self, our personality, is infinite that, when we apply the measures infinity, immensity, eternity, omniscience, omnipotence, to all external objects, trying to apprehend these powers through the senses, we pronounce null, null, wanting, wanting, everywhere,—the infinite mind finding nothing through the senses to represent itself, and so it falls back on Deity, in which it is, and of which it is, and by which it is, and which it is, and affirms from that standpoint that all outward and external measures are insufficient—that we have the measures within us—we are infinite, eternal. But we must make one distinction in such a statement as this: we cannot affirm that we apprehend the latent deity in our souls. It is potential thought unfolding itself in us; and hence, although we are infinite, it does not follow that that fact can be made plain to people in their senses. And do we not deceive ourselves by seeking to express infinite, absolute entities by finite terms? In criticising the essay, Mr. Alcott said that the question was mixed with and belonged not to philosophy, but to opinion, and that Mr. Carlyle is right in the "genesis," and the others in the "exodus."

MR. CHADWICK referred to the importance of having both sides of a question brought out as in the essay. He was afraid of mentioning a word that was a signal for polemics, yet he could not help saying, that, in speaking of

the cross, the essay did not show them that it had been in those old times the symbol of self-sacrifice, of which it is the symbol in Christianity.

DR. BARTOL said in regard to that point, — and it was really a confirmation of the essayist's view, — that before Jesus had anything to do actually with the cross, he referred to the cross which his disciples must take and follow after him. And he used the word not as a word he made or invented, but a word in common parlance, which had, as every word must have, a long traditional and ancestral significance.

COL. HIGGINSON said, that, to his mind, the essay seemed to be designed to bear not so much upon the origin of personality and the relations of the person to the inspiring soul as to the distributions of personality among different human beings. He did not think the writer of the essay meant to shoot his arrow quite so high as those who had criticised him, — at any rate it struck him on a little lower plane. And the interest for him was largely in this, that it taught those lessons of the distribution of ability in human beings, and therefore of the proper distribution of power in human beings, in which his friend Mr. Wasson was generally ready to take his side. He thought some persons as they lived longer tended to see a concentration of power in individuals, and others tended more and more to look away from leading individuals and look to the whole; some people as they lived longer saw more and more the brains in themselves and their friends, and others as they grew older saw less and less brains in themselves and more in the people at large. And so in the question of universal suffrage he was for the many, and he felt more and more, that, instead of having too much suffrage, they had not enough. The trouble was not only that the women did not vote, but that not men enough voted. The question was whether Deity incarnates himself in certain great leaders or in the whole of the human race. Col. Higginson held the latter view, and said that Emerson had shown how the leader was fed from all sources, and all other times were constantly pressing upon him. In further illustrating his belief he said that he was never in his life on a committee or associated with any body that he did not find some one point where each person had a valuable suggestion to make; and when it occurred to men that so august a person as the chairman of a school committee could receive suggestions it occurred to them also that the President of the United States or the author of a religion might be open to instruction. He believed that historically we see more and more in the leaders and less and less in the followers. In a few years all that would be remembered of the antislavery agitation in America would be the names of Garrison and Phillips, and the names of other people who gave the strength of their souls for freedom quite as much as they did would be forgotten in that connection. He always felt a kind of regret for anybody whom he saw launched into the old way of thinking; he thought the greatest man hurt himself when he ceased to derive person from *personere* and thought that perhaps it was derived from *per se*.

MR. CHADWICK said that the old feeling was that Jesus did not come in the fullness of time; but he thought men were coming to see more and more that he was developed like the rose on the bush. Men heard him speak and said, "This is just what we have been thinking ourselves; this was all in our hearts before."

MR. ALCOTT remarked, that, although any number of individuals may live at a given time on this planet, their personalities do not belong to time and are not contemporaneous. The good news, the everlasting word, was always published more eminently by some person in advance of his time and of the multitudes. He thought it took so much from the greatness of a great man that he did not defend his disciples from being overpersuaded by himself.

COL. HIGGINSON thought that this point of Mr. Alcott's should be kept in mind, and that it was the duty of every great teacher to guard against the excess of imitation, and that any teacher, however great, was open to criticism if he allowed himself to be deified. Any person who rose high enough to be a teacher placed himself under bonds to keep his relation with other people down to the realm of simple truth.

MRS. CHENEY thought, that, while the last part of the essay indicated fully the reconciliation of the sides which exist in history, the method of treating history by personalities did not get quite so fair a representation as the other side. Carlyle, the extremist, was put forward as a representative of one, and the very best of the other side as a representative of the other. She thought there were much happier instances of the first method of treating history than Carlyle, brilliant as he is, and that our own country furnishes very powerful evidences of this in Motley's History of the Netherlands, where William of Orange seems to flow all through the history as a beneficent father. This she thought gave a nearness and a value, and a power of remembering it also, which they felt the want of in the other method.

MR. LONGFELLOW thought this law did not belong to Christianity alone, but was also the law underlying individual will. He thought their interest in the matter lay in their being able to rescue their own individual self and will from the tyranny of mere necessity. He said, "We know we cannot think without discovering that we are the resultant of forces that are quite beyond ourselves, but we never can be satisfied if we feel that we are only such results; we cannot act without feeling that our individual will, our self, is a living power and a creative power. We cannot be satisfied with being mechanical relations of the highest kind. We cannot be satisfied with being atoms, pushed by atoms on one side, and pushing atoms on the other. We must have a sense that not merely are we passive, but that we are creative and that we can add something to the living powers of the world. The greatest men are most anxious not to be idolized, not to be adored, not to tyrannize over their followers."

USBEK A RHEDI.

FROM "LES LETTRES PERSANES" DE MONTESQUIEU.

TRANSLATED FOR THE RADICAL.

IF there be a God, my dear Rhédi, he must necessarily be just, because if he were not so he would be the wickedest and most imperfect of all beings. Justice is a relation of fitness which is really found between two things; this relation is always the same, whatever being considers it, whether it be God, whether it be an angel, or, finally, whether it be man. It is true that men do not always see these relations; often even when they do see them they deviate from them, and their own interest is what they always see best. Justice raises her voice, but is hardly heard amid the tumult of the passions. Men may be interested in committing acts of injustice because they prefer their own gratification to that of others. It is always from motives of self-interest that they act. No one is gratuitously bad; there must be a reason which governs him, and that reason is always a self-interested one.

But it is not possible that God could ever do anything unjust; for the moment we suppose he sees justice, he must necessarily follow it; because, as he has need of nothing, and is all-sufficient of himself, if unjust, he would be the most wicked of all beings, since he would be so without interest. So, even if there were no God, we should always love justice,—that is to say, approve it,—and earnestly endeavor to resemble that being of whom we have so beautiful an idea, and who, were he existing, would necessarily be just. Free as we would be from the yoke of religion, we should not divest ourselves of the restraints of morality.

Behold, Rhédi, what makes me think that justice is eternal and depends not upon human conventionalities is, that, should it depend upon them, it would be a terrible truth that would necessarily make us shrink from ourselves and from one another. We are surrounded by men stronger than ourselves; they could injure us in a thousand different ways; three-fourths of the time they could do it with impunity. What repose for us to know that in the hearts of all these men there is an interior principle which strives in our favor, and protects us from their violence! Without this we should be in continual fear; we should pass before men as before lions, and we should not for a moment feel assured of our property, our honor, or our life.

All these thoughts exasperate me against those divines who repre-

sent God as a being who makes a tyrannical use of his power ; who make him act in a manner they would not wish to act themselves from fear of offending him ; who charge him with all the imperfections which he punishes in us, and, in their contradictory opinions, represent him, now as an evil being, and now as a being who hates evil and punishes it. When a man examines himself and finds he has an upright heart, what a satisfaction it must afford him ! This pleasure, — however austere purchased, — of finding himself as much above those who have it not as he is above the tigers and bears, ought to fill him with rapture.

Yes, Rhédi, were I sure of always following inviolably that justice which I have before my eyes, I should consider myself the first of men.

C. W. F.

SCRIPTURE LESSON.*

[These sentences are from a little book called "The Brahma Dharma, or Religion of One God," printed in Calcutta. It appears to be made up of passages translated from the ancient Brahminic writings. I have occasionally corrected the translator's imperfect English — S. L.]

HE whose joy is God, and who doeth good, is the best among the knowers of God.

Him neither life reacheth, nor speech, nor any other sense ; nor rites, nor austerities. Only the mind, purified by the grace of wisdom, seeth Him, the formless, in its mood of meditation.

He is the One Eternal among things transitory, the Life of all things that live. And, being One, he fulleth the desires of many. The wise who see Him within themselves, — theirs is everlasting peace.

Dearer than son, dearer than wealth, dearer than all other things is the Being who dwelleth deepest within.

God should be worshiped with love. He who thus worshipeth Him has an object of his love which perisheth not.

He, the Perfect, is the great Lord. He leadeth men to Righteousness that they may find unsullied Peace.

Knowing Him, the Fountain of Righteousness, who taketh away transgression, the All-Good who dwelleth in the souls he has created,

* Read at Fraternity Hall, Boston, before a sermon on "Righteousness."

and is the habitation of the universe and its sole encompasser, one attaineth great peace.

Tell the truth : he drieth to the very roots who telleth untruth.

Do righteousness. Than righteousness there is nothing greater. He who doeth righteousness becometh righteous.

Whatsoever work a man doeth he should do it unto God.

The beginning of folly is the company of the foolish ; the beginning of righteousness is the company of the righteous.

He who practiceth munificence with wealth gotten by dishonest means is not saved thereby from fear.

Virtue is the only friend of man that followeth him after death. For succor in the next world, father and mother remain not, nor wife nor children ; only righteousness remaineth. Leaving the dead body, kindred depart with faces turned away : only righteousness followeth.

Lead me forth, O God, from unrighteousness to righteousness ; lead me forth from darkness into light ; lead me forth from death into immortality ! O Thou, all-manifest, reveal Thyself to me ! O God, protect me ever with Thy countenance !

ANNIE BECKETT.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

III.

(CONCLUDED.)

“YOUR questions are quite natural,” replied Mrs. Beckett, “and I will answer them if I can. I will go back and bring my story up to the present time.”

“Nothing could please me better,” said my philosopher.

“I think I might well name it a strange story. It surprises even myself. I have had an experience in different phases of life such as few persons, so far as I have observed, ever obtain. I have not merely *seen* society of every grade, I have gained a *bona fide* knowledge by participation. I don't think I have been fickle. I have served my time out, and graduated from each sphere. Whatever I have done, my heart has been in it as well as my head. It enlisted my whole being. Each time I thought I had found my vocation. But each time I seemed to have about so much zeal, and then came a new opening, and a new ambition,—I suppose I must call it that,—I was attracted by something beyond and above. And whether I would or

no, immediately I began a new departure. The purpose once formed in my mind, I cut loose from the old without ceremony. There is never but a step between the old and the new. To take that one step is what most everybody finds so difficult. One is decoyed back to the old with the promise of a gradual unlinking of chains so that the final separation shall be easier. My own temperament leads me to brave obstacles, take the step without doubting, commit myself to the new without speculation. Once over the border, I find that the old straightway begins to conform to the change, while the new has in store a hundred re-enforcements of which I never dreamed. I am not only well repaid myself, I am actually of more service to others.

"But let me come to my simple story.

"I will begin where I left off in the cars. I remember well. I told you that since the burning of my house I had entered a field of labor affording a wider range for whatever of energy I had. As soon as I recovered from the natural shock of that disaster, — I was not long under the cloud, it was the loss of little Rhoda that wore upon me most, — I began a search for a new employment. It hardly occurred to me that I could settle down again into a mere wash-woman. No motive appealed to me in that direction. I could have made money, but the ambition to do so was gone. My sympathies were awakened. I hardly knew why or for whom, but I came to recognize the fact and heed it as something commanding, marking out for me my course. My exclamation, 'Three times and out,' had a significance beyond what the words at first conveyed. 'There have been three periods in my life,' I said to myself, 'in which the predominating aim has been self. I will turn a new leaf.' I was afloat, and drifting into a new experience. I was led on by this inward prompting. At length it welled up within me clear and strong, and made me supremely happy. My whole nature seemed to expand to the sentiment, and I was indeed a new being. My health came back. My step was elastic. I was made alive with a joy so ecstatic, it seemed as though I had never lived at all before.

"But all this time I had no plans. I only looked out upon the world, pitying and loving it. My eyes were unsealed. How was it possible that I could have lived so long, and never before have realized what degradation and misery pleaded on every side for a helping hand!

"One evening I wandered down among those people on — Street. There was a brawl of some kind. The way was blocked with a crowd greatly excited. My first impulse was to retreat, my next to advance, to push my way into the midst of the crowd. 'Make way, gentlemen,' I said, without hesitation. I don't know how to explain it, but they parted right and left, until I came into the presence of a poor woman sitting on the doorstep, with a frightful gash in her temple, surrounded by men, women, and children. She looked up amazed as I appeared, and all eyes turned from her upon me. At that moment a door opened in the basement, and a hideous looking creature came springing up the steps. He commanded the

woman to go into the house and the crowd to clear out. He was so enraged I fully expected he would harm some one. But I secretly determined to protect, if possible, the poor, cowering woman at my side. She had caught the skirt of my dress and hid her head within its folds. 'Come out of that,' he cried, and made a pass to reach her. I made a gesture to arrest his arm, and he turned upon me as if possessed with seven tigers. I met his eye with as calm a gaze as I could command. It would be false to say I had no fear, but I must have concealed it, for as his eye met mine he withdrew his hand from my shoulder and dropped his voice. In a mocking tone, but evidently surprised, he asked if I was not afraid of him. I smiled and replied, 'No sir; not much.' And, turning to the woman, whom I took to be his wife, I said, 'Come, let's go in.' She took hold of my hand and went down with me into the filthy hole where they managed to exist. He followed, while the crowd closed in and darkened the door. As he entered he launched a fearful volley of oaths and threats at his wife, at me, and at every one else. I saw that she was growing faint, and helped her to lie down on some old blankets in one corner of the room. At the same time I turned to him and said, 'Bring me some water as quickly as possible.' He hesitated a second, muttered something, and then brought me the water in a little mug. As he came near there was a movement of the crowd without so that the light rested on her features. He saw her pale face clotted with blood. 'She shouldn't have provoked me,' he said. I knew by the tones of his voice that he was relenting, and so replied, as quietly as possible. I told him she would soon be better, and I would stay and help them fix up. 'You take this cloth,' I added, 'and wet it, and gently wipe off her face.' It was pretty hard for him to bring himself to do it, but I put the cloth into his hands, and rose and went to the door, so he was rather forced to do so, or confess himself a brute, which he was evidently not prepared to do. I said to those in the door and on the walk that everything was quiet, and there would be no more disturbance. It would be better if they would all go home. They were reluctant to move, but after a little the street was clear. The woman came to, and was soon on her feet with a bandage round her forehead. Then occurred the most ludicrous scene, considering what had already happened, you could imagine. She had entirely regained her wits, such as they were. Instead of betraying fear, or even anger, she broke forth in a commonplace, half good-natured tone, as though what had happened was no new experience, — 'Well, old chap! I guess you'd better stir your boots now an' pick up a little. You've kicked things and me about about long enough, haven't ye? Ye'd better thank this lady, too, that ye're not on the way to the gallows.' And then turning to me, she added, 'You've been mighty smart to simmer things down so, and plucky too. It ain't every woman that would 've —' 'Oh, hold your tongue,' exclaimed the man, interrupting her, greatly to my relief. I saw that I was not really needed longer. My first inclination to stay and help put things to rights had vanished. There was nothing I could do unless I should undertake a week's job.

"It was this incident that suggested to me the idea of going into this neighborhood to live. It convinced me that I had ability to cope with such people, and I rather prided myself on the fact. I felt equal to any amount of personal sacrifice. I had faith that I could change things for the better.

"But I took a week to think over my plan. At first I thought it would be best to remain where I was, and make daily visits to the field of labor. But I had a great dislike to appearing among such people merely as a *missionary*. I wanted, above all things, to obtain their unguarded confidence, if I may so speak. I wanted to have them feel that I was *one of them*, and yet *above* them; and so concluded that nothing short of an actual residence among them could win me the position I coveted.

"You already know something of my experience there through the disclosures of Mrs. Austin. A few incidents tell the whole story. I maintained my ground nearly seven years. I had the homage of the neighborhood. I don't think there was as much heed paid to advice of priest, or threat of police, as to my simple word. I found many bright characters; some sweet and patient tempers; rare plants in the thickest of filth; buds of marvelous promise, it seemed to me, where both father and mother showed only weakness and depravity.

"I should hate to think that no substantial good came of all my effort. The seven girls you have seen this evening are my harvest, if there was no other gain.

"You naturally wonder why I left the neighborhood, and ceased trying to reclaim it."

"That is precisely the question I would ask," said my philosopher.

"Well, to be frank with you, I came to the conclusion that I was wasting my time. Wasting my time,—cultivating a great field to very little purpose. Cultivating is hardly the right word. I was simply rushing over it to disentangle and straighten up weeds. The field needed plowing and planting and dragging. Go back there now, nigh every little improvement I rejoiced in has disappeared. There is no perceptible difference between its present condition and that of the time when I first went there."

"I can't understand how that can be."

"You can easily understand, if you will look at the facts of the case. I will tell you how I brought the case before my own mind. It came of my own individual experience. Let me sketch that a little further and you will see.

"It was my custom to pass two or three hours every afternoon in the Public Library. I began this soon after I got settled and had time to arrange my work. I was not long in discovering that I must have some system in affairs. I must earn my living, and so continued to take in washing. I disposed of that early in the morning. By the time others were through with breakfast and ready to begin work, I had my washing out of the way. At eight o'clock I could look about my room and see everything in order. At nine I started on my daily visitations, and returned about one—

from twelve to one, as the case would permit. I always went prepared for any emergency, that is, plainly clad and ready to give a helping hand in any work; and there was generally enough that any one could find to do if so inclined. I would generally rest a half hour on getting home, and then prepare my dinner. By half past two I found myself at the Library.

"It astonishes me now,—the amount of reading I did in six years. I suppose I was almost as familiar with the whole lay of the library, and the character of the works it contained, as any of the attendants. I not only read such works as I found interesting, I posted myself in regard to the subjects treated of. In the Reading Room I had access to the current magazine and newspaper literature.

"At first my reading was wholly miscellaneous. I took up anything, and for some time did no more than glance over different works, reading a little here and a little there. That was, probably, all I *could* do. Most topics were new to me. I had to feel my way, and *grow* into a liking of subjects. Gradually I found that my mind was taking a more practical turn. I felt the need of *information*; I demanded *facts*. And so it was that I fell into a course of profitable reading. I turned to history. I read everything I could find,—first on the early settlement and politics of the country, following down as near to the present time as I could. Eagerly I read the lives of the Presidents, and other public men. This put me in a mood for a careful reading of the daily papers, and the proceedings of Congress. It was all a new revelation to me. For the first time I realized that I really had a country. I felt a new pride. The record of its career was inspiring. I got a clue to the fact of its progress. I saw the growth and development of an ideal nation. Before that time I don't think I had any sense of a country proper. Here was plenty of land—I knew that. Here we're a plenty of people squabbling for this or that gratification. But what it all meant,—that there was a grand national movement in progress to which all this stood in some way related,—I had not even dreamed.

"One afternoon, sitting there in the library, these thoughts came over me with such power, the first I knew I was crying: tears of joy actually rolled down my cheeks. I could read no more. I so longed to be telling all I had learned that I put up my book and flew on my way home rather than walked. It seemed that if I could only tell to those ignorant people in that distressed neighborhood even the half I had read, I could lift them, almost bodily, out of the mire. It seemed as though I might, that very afternoon, work a miracle. I would give every one there something to live for worthy of living for; a new aim in life; a new sense of importance as citizens of a wonderful land. If I did not stimulate even the dullest into a frenzy of enthusiasm, I would lose my guess.

"I did lose it, sure enough. I couldn't strike a spark of patriotism anywhere. I wandered about from door to door, and the only eyes that kindled at my story were those of children. If I met a native, the response was, 'Butter fifty cents a pound;' an Irishman, 'Sure, Ameriky is great, but

she'd be greater if she'd whip ould England.' If I met a German or an Italian, the response was sure to be a tirade of bitter disappointment in the country, poor folks were poor everywhere, and had no better chance here than in the old countries, not half as good; and they wouldn't have come if they had known better. 'The big thing what you got in de country is de damn nigger,' a sour-faced German growled. 'You reads your history: Darkey's all, Darkey's everybody. How better is dat?' And he drove some pegs into a shoe as if he were at a forge.

"I was greatly disheartened with this result. Here was a whole neighborhood—one of many thousand in the country of the same stamp—in which love of country—love of *this* country—had scarcely a name. It seemed incredulous. What could I do for such a people? The problem seemed to defy me. I went home with a sorry heart. All night I lay awake, oppressed as I had never been before.

"But the next day, when I came to reflect on the matter, I was consoled with the thought that I had but recently acquired this enthusiasm myself. What ought I to expect of the class I had appealed to? Surely not an awakening that should quite eclipse my own. I must be patient and charitable. I must have faith in human nature,—in the human nature with which I had cast my lot. I must believe in the transforming power of great ideals. And then I remembered having heard of an old heathen of whom it was said, he hitched his wagon to a star. (I have since learned the origin of that phrase.) So I would do. My star should be my country, and my wagon should be the neighborhood in which I lived. I had to smile at the thought, however, and could not help thinking that my wagon might as well be called a cart.

"I continued my usual round of duties, never failing to drop a word where I went in behalf of the American Republic. I met the grumblers with rebuke. I no longer pleaded. I cried, 'For shame!' I urged that the first thought that should stir every heart was not a mere selfish present interest. The country was new, and was loaded down at birth with the crimes and follies of the old world. It inherited the evils of the past, but also had added to its stock in trade the glorious ideas of human freedom, brotherhood and equality. These ideas in good time would prevail, and all else have an end. They must not expect that a new country, originating under auspicious skies, yet surrounded by most trying circumstances, would or could suddenly put on the glory of freedom. No nation had ever gone so far toward success as this, and our career was still onward. The very 'nigger' of whom they complained, whether he came to anything or not, was a symbol of our growth. What did he represent? The progress of the nation in its respect for the natural rights of all men. That principle would continue to do its work, and leaven the whole of society, and at last bring happiness and peace to millions of people, inheriting a domain vaster and richer in all resources than was ever before held in common by the sons of men. I often waxed warm and impressed them with Biblical phrases.

"These little set-tos, though not generally encouraging in themselves, still gave to my reading at the library a zest which heightened the enjoyment, and I found that my afternoons were lengthening out, so that I was late home for tea, and often I would steal back again of an evening, though the walk was by no means a short one.

"In reading our own history I of course touched upon that of other nations. I began now to feel a desire to know something of their story. I found that I had been carrying with me the notion that all other people were literally crushed down in ignorance, poverty, and slavery. But as I turned now to think of them, — having become a little weary, indeed, of too much of our own affairs, — I was struck with the reflection that no people thus absolutely trodden under foot could have had much of a history. The thought grew upon me, and curiosity speeded me on to discover the fact. I sought the librarian and got his assistance as to a proper course of foreign history.

"Well, for months my neighbors heard little from my lips about America and her free institutions. 'Mrs. Beckett's got her head turned some other way,' they whispered among themselves. Sure enough, I had. I was wholly absorbed in my reading. If before I had discovered a country, I had now begun the discovery of a world. A new enthusiasm kindled itself within me day by day. One thing I remark now: always in reading history I seemed to have, running in my own mind, a theory of its import. I did not merely go over the facts, I seemed to feel their significance, and relate them at once with an ideal progress, so that of a number of events I should not hesitate to say which must have occurred first. I don't say I was infallible. But the disposition to construct history on an ideal line of progress was, for a time a great passion with me.

"My course of reading as laid out for me was, first, the modern history of Europe, taking it up in a general way; at the same time I availed myself of maps to be found in the room. This prepared me for a more intimate study of each country in the lives of its great men and women. At this stage my interest increased perceptibly. I seemed to escape out of routine, as it were, into a region of spontaneity and life. I was impressed again, and even more than when reading American biography, with the idea of original force or character. After the time of our Revolution, one seems to leave the path of heroes to contemplate the movement of a great nation. But in the old-world histories, there is a constant succession of central figures. In this country we seem to require a 'head-centre,' as the Fenians have it, only out of respect to habit. He is a mere puppet in our hands. We know what we want and where we are going, and take him along as a sort of grace (or scapegrace, as the luck may turn) for our deed. Of course, no really great character is inclined to be thus manipulated. There is no theatre here for the ambition of great men. I have noticed that none of our recognized great men are elected to the office of President. A single state may support a master mind in the Senate, but he has no chances higher

than that. Whether this fact is to be deplored or not, I will not attempt to say. But I fear much that, as a people, we are liable to carry this lack of reverence for great ability and character too far for our own good.

"From modern history, I found my way back to ancient history. It was here that my notions of progress received their first check. I expected of course, as I went backward into the olden time, that I would also move *downward*, and at last come within hailing distance of the low level of human development, where the animal and the man were near neighbors and comrades. I expected this, but had not paused to think whether I was making such a descent or not. But it suddenly occurred to me that about the same depths and the same altitudes visible in the early civilizations were to be seen in our own. The thought so staggered me, I left off my reading that day and went home. To have a pet theory knocked in the head without ceremony, and not know how to restore it again to consciousness, is, to say the least, a trying circumstance.

"I had done little more than glance at the literature of any country. Indeed, I scarcely recognized the literature of a people as measuring in any sense its greatness and power. Everything centred for me in the political and religious arenas. I supposed that there we should discover the degree of freedom and of virtue a people possessed. But gradually I found myself turning to literature. I read the reviews and notices of books in the English magazines and periodicals. These helped me very much by their references to persons, and to numerous writings in prose and poetry.

"I found now that I had entered upon my most enjoyable feast. I read much, and became acquainted with the character of most of the eminent authors in our modern world. Of course my reading was very superficial. But it served to open the way for after study. It really led me into a new world of thought and feeling, and had a very decided effect on my opinions. The newspapers I had been in the habit of devouring every day lost much of their interest: I almost ceased to regard them except for their stray items of literary interest. I wondered how I had ever been so carried away with Congressional proceedings and political speculation. It had all become to me, to confess the truth, quite 'stale, flat, and unprofitable.' 'Congress' no longer awed and inspired me. Yet I supposed that it was a sort of necessary mill that must grind out its yearly grist. I was not bound, however, to sacrifice my ears to it. Even the messages of the President, for which I used to watch and wait impatiently, ceased to excite me. I had discovered that every such document, whatever might be the condition of affairs, thanked Heaven for our 'continued prosperity,' and so why disturb myself further?

"The truth is, I had become convinced that the technically political and religious debates of the country, though having an importance, were yet far removed from the real, vital life of the people. The political record might in some respects mark the growth of public sentiment, but politics never supplied the food that built up and developed a nation in its highest charac-

ter. If there is such a thing as too much government, there is also the sin of too much ado about governing ourselves. The religious disputes, though absorbing, fascinating, are hardly worth the breath they consume. Few are convinced contrary to the bias of their temperaments; as for those who are 'converted' to either side, it is much like swapping one lame horse for another. That was about the substance of my thought at the time.

"But in literature there was emancipation for the mind,—at least, emancipation from personal, partisan prejudices, and sectarian bitterness. It furnished the first requisite of culture.

"When I had pronounced the word 'culture,' I was prepared for a thorough revision of my plan of work.

"But I don't know that you will care to hear me any further. It is a fault of mine to continue as long as I find ears polite enough not to rebel."

"Oh, proceed; I promise you I will rebel at the proper moment," responded my philosopher, in most reassuring tones. But they were suddenly interrupted by the return of the girls, whose feet were heard on the stairs.

It was ten o'clock.

Mrs. Beckett was surprised that the hour had arrived so soon.

My friend was troubled only in consequence of what a third party far away might be thinking.

The young ladies had only come to say their final good night.

But they could not repress a sly bit of playful winking at each other, which did not escape the notice of Mrs. Beckett. She was, however, not displeased, and remarked to her guest, when they had departed, that the girls were unused to her having such private and protracted *te-te-a-te*es with gentlemen, and were naturally inclined to be a little roguish.

"I ought to beg pardon for remaining so long," was the reply.

"Not at all. It is I who have kept you. It is of no consequence what the girls think—nothing bad, I assure you."

"I wish I could—well, I wish to remain for the rest of your story, if you say so."

He was about to express the hope that his wife was not indulging herself in thoughts of an unpleasant character, but checked himself, being determined to hear Mrs. Beckett through.

Mrs. Beckett was not unwilling to proceed.

"I said," she continued, "that when I had fairly entertained the idea of *culture*, my old views of society as regards reform and progress were in a manner changed. Culture implied a *growth*. I saw that I had hitherto acted too much upon the theory of opposition. Mere opposition to evil, whether by gentle or strong means, I began to feel lacked what I may call *re-creative energy*. I think my natural instincts had restrained me from much waste of time in fault-finding and denunciation. But I had not set about my work intelligently. Two things appeared to me very clearly: 1. Any moral reform of the neighborhood where I lived on the basis of its present intelli-

gence was out of the question. 2. In order to be of greatest service in the world, one must continually follow each new aspiration,—questioning it, however, sufficiently to prove it genuine.

“What those people needed was a thorough, common-school education, which should include for each a trade. The State ought to furnish this and *insist upon it.*”

“I fear you are getting a little off our republican platform there,” said my philosopher. “We must guard against all these first approaches to despotism.”

“Perhaps so. But that same conviction is very strong with me at the present time. I think I have outgrown a few of the current superstitions concerning despotism. At least I can hardly call that despotism which enforces a confessed *duty*. Besides, why is it more despotic in the State than for parents? The child’s will is not regarded in either case. The rule is enforced in the name of reason. The reason is supplied where it is wanting. So in regard to a trade. No child should be brought up, or be allowed to grow up, without acquiring some means of earning a livelihood. The State owes this to her own safety and peace. And no young man or woman is injured, or prevented from other pursuits, by a few years of wholesome discipline in some one branch of industry. I can think of no one of the professions that would not be enriched by a knowledge of mechanics and the arts. Of course I plead for no ‘iron will’ in the matter. The State must use discretion and judgment. The youth or maiden can even have a choice. That would be a great gain,—the fact that each must *choose*. We prate of freedom. It can’t be said that one in fifty now dignifies freedom with the act of choosing. But I don’t mean to read you a lecture on that head.”

“Oh, no; but, I have been thinking of that second thing you felt clear about,—the following of one’s aspiration. Or does not that begin until one has reached his or her majority?”

“I don’t see that one’s aspiration is checked by an early education and instruction in some employment. I think one thus armed would feel a double courage to follow the leadings of a new ideal. If he fails, he has a cushion to fall on. It will give a repose and steadiness to the thoughts. If the new bank breaks, the old one remains and will pay its weekly dividends. Besides, positive knowledge is a help in whatever direction.

“But I had in view simply the basis of practical reform for a neighborhood where the plan had not only to be supplied, but enforced. My idea is, first and last, to lessen the amount of ignorance, and stimulate the sentiment of a common weal. And when I speak of such a neighborhood, I do not always look down. A want of practical knowledge is quite as apparent in circles supposed to be above the common level as below.

“In regard to myself, when I realized more fully the true nature of the problem before me in my efforts at reforming a whole community, I felt that I was really accomplishing very little. My ‘wagon’ was indeed a ‘cart,’

and I could no more hitch it to an ideal star than to a natural one in yonder sky. By personal presence and influence I gained some slight outward victories, won very many, perhaps, grateful and kindly hearts. But I fortified none. For a time I was a prop and shelter. That is what people most like and believe in. It is, indeed, something; but it must be supplemented with instruction and information. And there begins your difficulty. To obtain knowledge people have got to toil for it themselves, and in this respect, I am free to say the great majority of mankind, high or low, are extremely lazy. In order to give my work this further and practical scope, I started what I called 'The Evening Improvement Society.' I concluded that one name was as good as another. At first it was well attended. There was great promise. I couldn't expect them to read. So I tried to tell them what I had read. For a time we kept along very well. But, finally, the attendance dropped off and my new institution was dead.

"I was getting, you may imagine, pretty well weaned of my charge. I was feeling each day more and more that my mission there was ended. I was nearly persuaded to give up the enterprise, return to some peaceful neighborhood, take in work enough to secure my living, and devote my spare hours to literature.

"But while that plan was fresh in my thoughts my fortune took a turn. A distant relative had died and left me by will some seventy-five thousand dollars in money. Why he did so no one knew. He had passed by without mention others more nearly related to him than I. There was great excitement among those slighted. I suddenly became known to all my relations. Their number was indeed a great surprise to me. They lost no time in seeking me out, and probing my affairs to the bottom. They could easily out of my history weave a damaging story. You may take the same outline. The one half is a projection, the other a hollow. If you draw it yourself, it is easy for another to take the side you had not even thought of, perhaps, and, holding it up, malign you. My friends, or relatives, rather, did not hesitate to attack me without reserve. They besieged me with tears and threats. I was the most sought-for person in Boston for a few weeks. I could relate some very amusing incidents. But for a time I assure you I was rendered very unhappy. I had suddenly awoke from a dream of peace to find myself at the mercy of a horde of people whom I had never seen or known anything about: every one of them was ready to fleece me, lying in wait, watching their chances. They got together and employed a lawyer, concluding to act in concert. He made out his case, proving beyond a shadow of a doubt that I was a disreputable and degraded creature, that I had intrigued in some way with this distant relative, and that he was undoubtedly out of his head when he made his will. If I did not yield upon their threats of exposure, they would institute proceedings and break the will.

"I had no idea of yielding. I knew my character would take care of itself. And I resolved, since so much ado had been made, to fight it out with

them. If I had any rights I would maintain them first, and then act my pleasure afterwards.

"They sent their lawyer to see me. I allowed him to do the talking, and then told him, if he was through I had other engagements. 'Have you no reply, Madam?' said he. 'It will go hard with you, if you persist in refusing to come to terms.' 'I wish you a good morning, sir,' said I, and he took his hat and went his way. He didn't appear at all angry. He was utterly indifferent either way, I should judge, anxious only to carry his case. I suppose that old lawyers are so used to pocketing insults when on professional business, they hardly know the meaning of the term.

"Now, then," thought I, 'I must have a lawyer. I will put Greek against Greek. And yet where will I be when their 'tug of war' is over? One I must have at all events.' And so I sallied forth in search of one, if haply I could get my eyes upon one in whom I could have faith. I went into the neighborhood of Court Square, read the signs up and down on a number of buildings, having a little superstition in the matter. I half expected that when I came to the right name, I should have some inward assurance. At length I became weary of such folly and indecision. I must take my chances. So I determined to enter the first office I came to. I went up one flight of stairs, tried two doors, and they were locked. At the end of the hall I saw a door slightly ajar, and walked on to that, and entered the room. There sat a young man, twenty-three or four years old, his feet upon his desk, paring his finger-nails. He was evidently very much at leisure. His office was scrupulously neat and very pleasant. He received me very graciously, hastily taking down his feet and rising to offer me a chair. I thought him too polite for a lawyer who had ever been overtaxed with business, and began to doubt if it would do to trust so important a case with him. I didn't mean to fail, and I must have reliable assistance.

"But, as he began to talk, his manner was quite reassuring. I took his measure as follows: I said, 'He has a good head and a keen eye, and he is energetic. It is plain he has nothing to do. So much the better. He can turn his whole time upon mine. We shan't be interrupted, we will work the defense up together.'

"So rapidly deciding, I took a seat and stated my case. He entered into it with as much zeal as I could wish. I was not quite certain he did not see in the distance a very large fee, and was a little undecided for a moment as to whether I ought not to make a bargain with him at once, and settle that part to begin with. I would offer him so much in case he succeeded. But how much? I had not the least idea of lawyers' fees, only, a vague idea that they were generally pretty heavy. Fifty dollars? One hundred? Then, suddenly I turned to him and said, —

"Will you answer me one question, truly?"

"If I answer at all, I will answer *truly*," he replied, smiling.

"Well, I will ask it, and you may answer it or not as you please. What are your circumstances, pecuniarily?"

"Well, madam, I am as poor as a church mouse."

"He laughed as he spoke, and I kept him company."

"I suppose that must be pretty poor, said I."

"Indeed it is," said he, smiling still, and stroking his hair off his forehead.

"Well, I was thinking about your fee — whether —"

"Oh, that will be all right. We will do the work first."

"No, we won't," said I; "we will settle it now. If you succeed I will give you five thousand dollars."

"What!" he cried, starting in his chair as though I had said some horrible thing.

"He protested, and I insisted, and we settled the affair as I desired. I concluded I had done a pretty successful stroke of business. I could well afford five thousand dollars to be rid of my tormentors. Besides, I was not a little interested in the young man himself, and it did me good to be able to start him thus in business. As a matter of policy I had a lawyer all to myself, and thoroughly devoted."

"Well, the case lasted six months. He managed it splendidly. He was successful. I was in possession of my seventy-five thousand dollars, and paid him his five thousand with the greatest good will. He is now in Chicago, and is doing a fine business."

"No sooner was the fact known that I had won, than from these same relations I began to receive begging letters, many of them full of flattery and warm invitations to visit my friends. I have preserved them all, but paid no attention to them except in one or two cases, where I ascertained there was actual suffering."

"Now I was prepared to change my residence. My missionary life was at an end. I would for a season take my rest and improve my mind. But I found it hard to break away from my associations, even in that neighborhood. All at once some of those people seemed so near to me, I hated to go away and leave them. Then there was a group of little children that came regularly to see me and play in my room. It seemed like breaking up my family and forsaking my own. I resolved not to go alone. I would make little Rhoda's place good. I would adopt one of them. But when I came to choose I didn't know which to take. Besides, their parents were to be consulted. At last I made my choice, and got the consent of the child's mother. She was a poor widow with five other children to care for. But first I had much else to attend to in settling upon my future home; and so I left the child for a time with its mother."

"My search for a place ended with the discovery of this house. I found it standing here unfinished. A Mr. Brimmer had got so far with it when his funds gave out, and he would sell it as it stood at a reasonable price. I saw his carpenter, got his estimate of its cost thus far, and of what it would cost to complete it. I bought the place and set the carpenter at work again. It cost me in the end much more than I had anticipated. The carpenter had

made his estimates low, and would have lost. But as the work went on I saw various little improvements, and every change of the plan was an opening for an 'extra charge;' and by the time the house was pronounced all finished these *extras* made a bill far exceeding the original estimate. In that way I think the carpenter saved himself and made a fair profit.

"Everything was ready.

"I paused to think what I had done.

"I had got a big house on my hands. Bridget and I were to live in it. Then it seemed to me I had been acting very much like a crazy person. One-fourth of my money was gone. The house was yet to be furnished, and to be kept up afterwards. I feared that it would prove only a great shell of a thing where we two would sit and shiver.

"I went back to my old home one afternoon, after viewing the premises all over, and had a good talk with my old neighbor, Mrs. Austen. She is a person of a good deal of insight and *foresight*. She had lost her entire family. She lived alone, was much broken in spirit, but still quite ready and able for a good deal of hard work.

"The result was that I engaged her to come and live with me. She should have a home with me while we both lived, and good wages. The poor woman was greatly elated, and entered upon her plans with a joy that did my heart good; and before many days our new home was ready to receive us.

"Then I went for my little adopted girl. Her mother cried extravagantly, but I felt that she was secretly rejoicing. We called upon my lawyer, and the legal part was all satisfactorily arranged.

"We had been here perhaps ten days, when Bridget, looking out from the window one afternoon, suddenly cried,—

"Oh, me! there comes all the girls.' And she jumped about the room, wild with delight.

"I went to the door, and, sure enough, there they were, six of them, all out of breath, and looking as sober as if they had come to tell of some awful calamity.

"We've come to be adopted,' said one of them, in solemn tones, speaking for the rest.

"I looked into their eyes. Every one was in downright earnest. There they stood, at the foot of the steps, waiting for my decision. It was a ludicrous sight, and yet I knew that the least show of levity on my part would wound them to the quick. Before I knew it my eyes were filled with tears. I wanted to rush down and embrace them; but they stood so solemn, keeping me at bay. They seemed to say, 'Your decision first.' I sat down on the top of the steps, and they persistently held their position at the bottom.

"Will you?' they asked.

"I confess I was never more embarrassed in my life.

"Then Bridget came softly to my side. I saw the eyes of the children below brighten at once. She put her arms around my neck, and whispered,

"Please do — there's plenty room."

"And I thought so too. So I began to question them."

"Children," said I, "who sent you here?"

"Nobody. We sent ourselves. We made it all up, and we ran away."

"Nobody? You ran away?"

"Yes."

"But how do you know your folks will let me adopt you, if I want to?"

"Bridget's mother let her go."

"There was no more to be said. I made up my mind to take them if I could get them, at once, and told them so."

"Then they came bounding up the steps with such a shout of 'Oh!' as I had never heard."

"They nearly smothered Bridget and me with hugging and kissing. And then nothing would do but I must go back with them and settle the matter that very night."

"In the next few days everything was satisfactorily arranged, and my new home was started under most happy auspices. I can hardly say that I ceased being a 'missionary,' for my new household made drafts upon my time, purse, and strength quite as large as I could sustain. But I —

"The clock is striking twelve!" exclaimed Mrs. Beckett at this moment, suddenly breaking off her story.

"Twelve!" cried my philosopher, rising to his feet.

"Is it possible?" he continued. "Ah, well; if I have not imposed upon you by sitting here till this hour, I have been well repaid, and so will my wife be for her lonely waiting when I come to entertain her with all I have heard."

"You are most welcome," said Mrs. Beckett, "if I have interested you. I shall give you credit for being a very patient man. I judge your wife is not in the habit of telling long stories like myself, else you would have shown more signs of distress."

"Oh, no! my wife is a quiet body. I do the talking at home, and hers is the part of appreciating. A rare gift, too, is that."

"I shall be happy to see you here again, and so will the girls," said Mrs. Beckett. "Come over in the summer, when the garden is attractive, and bring that much-abused wife of yours. I will do my best then to excuse you to her."

"Oh, never fear. I shall not lose my ears for this offense."

"You will carry my regards to her?"

"Certainly. And I shall hope to see you again. I have a number of questions on my mind," said my philosopher, putting on his overcoat.

At the ferry he was obliged to wait until one o'clock.

It was two o'clock when he came in sight of a "light in the window," which said, "I am waiting for you to give an account of yourself."

He marched with a light heart boldly in to accept the challenge.

NOTES.

THE following letter has been lying in our drawer for some months. Its author requested that we should print it, if our magazine was started again, and also favor him by replying to it. This we will endeavor briefly to do.

"I have just been reading your letter in 'The Index' with care, and not without interest. With enough of your earnestness of purpose rightly directed we might cause this wicked world of ours to jog along very much faster than it now does towards the millennium.

"In this letter you seem to be feeling about for the causes of the failure of your favorite enterprise, — THE RADICAL. I think there can be no reasonable doubt but that you have hit the nail precisely on the head when you vaguely surmise that 'Radicals do not care enough, are not sufficiently interested in the ideas to which they intellectually assent, to bleed for them to any great extent.'

"No one, you will permit me to say, can attend one of your 'Free Religion' associations without being profoundly impressed with the feeling that *no real importance* is attached to their principles by the members of your body generally; that behind all their boasted pursuit of truth there is no *real* earnestness of soul; that it is not profoundly felt on their part that what they are doing is absolutely indispensable to, or is likely materially to elevate our race and increase the sum-total of human happiness.

"And meantime the question may well be asked, Why, indeed, *should* your people materially value what they profess to believe, or feel as though they could afford to deny themselves much for the defense of what they call truth, either in the way of patronizing learned periodicals, or preaching to the heathen, while all the time conceding that men may just as consistently and safely, suitably and *usefully*, hold, as truth, the great falsehood that stands directly opposed to it? A man certainly would be a fool to go to the stake or suffer much for truth under such circumstances. And here you may depend is the 'radical' and *necessary* defect of your plan.

"Now, if the history of the past proves anything, it proves this, as common sense itself would also dictate, that, if you would have a people deny themselves and make costly sacrifices on behalf of what they esteem to be truth, they must —

"1. Profoundly believe certain things not only to be true, but to be the *truth of God*; and realize —

"2. That the opposites of these are not merely untruths, but dangerous, pestilent, deadly errors.

"3. That the world is actually *perishing* for the want of this truth; and —

"4. That a 'Thus saith the Lord,' a divine and absolutely infallible voice authorizes and calls them to their work; causing them, in some measure, to feel with Paul, '*Wo is me*' if I do not this duty.

"It is unquestionably because our leading Evangelicals, together with more or less of the rank and file of the Evangelical body, are imbued with this earnest faith, are actuated by these energizing convictions, and not, as you mistakenly suggest, because of any 'proselyting or partisan' spirit, because of any 'popular currents of party pride or blind sectarian zeal' (how difficult it is, sometimes, for even *radically liberal* men to be even *fair*

in their representations of their neighbors! of course their is no 'partisan spirit' or 'sectarian zeal' in this), that the Evangelicals succeed as they do in rolling up just those very waves of enthusiasm, in exhibiting just that very earnestness of purpose and self-sacrificing zeal you yourself so much covet for your own party.

"Do not be too certain that it is because your ideas are so 'thorough and searching' that they do not popularly prevail. Nay, is it not your boast that they are pre-eminently 'rational,' — *natural* to the mind of man? No such thoroughly distasteful, unpalatable views, none really so thoroughly searching, because so humbling (not humiliating), were ever propagated as the so-called 'doctrines of grace.' They are calculated to 'hide pride from man;' to take the conceit out of him. And nothing hurts like this. Hence to the Greeks the gospel was 'foolishness,' as it is also to the Greeks to-day. And Christ to the Jews was 'a root out of dry-ground.' 'There was no comeliness in him that they could desire him.' There is not one thing about the gospel to popularize it on the score that it feeds the fires of human vanity, or otherwise caters to the prejudices, or gives 'aid and comfort' to the passions of wicked, selfish men. And yet this gospel *is* popular, and the common people hear its preachers gladly. Why? You intimate that a kind of *force* is employed to push it. Just the force you yourself so earnestly covet, — the force of a *deeply-felt interest* in it; such a realization of its value as to prompt its followers cheerfully to make sacrifices for its sake. That's all. Aside from this, their motto is always that apostolic one: 'Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.' Interest, — this is what is wanted: loyalty, warmth, fervor, fire to 'float, your or any other enterprise.

"The common people prefer the gospel to any other religion, in my judgment, for the simple reason that there is *warmth* in it, — the warmth of human sympathy and love, a quality that naturally cannot but come directly home to men's 'business and bosoms,' and enkindle a flame there that becomes an inspiration and a power.

Nothing can become invested with a permanent interest that does not pre-eminently address itself to the human heart. What do we care for the fine-spun speculations of Plato, or the metaphysical subtleties of the schoolmen? These, though seemingly all-important at one time, now sleep forgotten amid the rubbish of the past. But the story, — the sweet story of 'a gift without repentance,' never loses its power. It is not merely an 'idea' which is cold: it is also a great throb of human sympathy. I tell you the story of the fidelity of Ulysses' dog is of more value as a means of saving the world than many of the loftiest speculations of the philosophers, or the acutest distinctions of the scholiasts. What the world wants is to feel the great, glowing bosom of the Father throbbing beside their own. How has this ever been realized more fully, satisfactorily, joyfully, gloriously, than in Jesus Christ, — *Christ formed within* the hope of glory?

"When you come to take some such ground as this, then, and not until then, will the world care enough for your gospel, or your own people sufficiently value their own principles to carry them triumphantly through the world, and ennoble you, my friend, to plant your contemplated, but thus far baffled enterprise, upon a permanent and entirely successful basis.

"R. H. HOWARD."

The substance of what we said in the letter referred to was, that all classes of people had become so accustomed to act only when some powerful outside influence was brought to bear upon them, even Radicals were not exempt from the list. Party discipline, church influ-

ences, partisan zeal, wheeled others into the line of practical work and pecuniary effort. Holding these agencies aloof, as not belonging to the new movement of thought, the growth of mind and heart under the opportunities of freedom from personal dictation, Radicals generally have not yet grown into the habit of prompt individual action. In saying this we simply recognize and repeat a fact of to-day, expecting better things in the future. At the same time we do not expect Radicals to act as though the world was "perishing." That is an old complaint, heard since Adam, and long before. Radicals believe, we suppose, that the world is *growing*, gaining ground. It is for each and all to do what is possible to "help one another." But the field is vast, and each must temper his zeal with reason, and be sure that in reaching out to the heathen of other lands he does not trample on or neglect the duties that lie at his own door. Also, the love of truth must well up from within, and not be pumped up by ecclesiastical servants.

The difference between Mr. Howard's plan of "evangelical" salvation and the Radical's plan marks also the difference in their respective methods. From his stand-point he sees one thing, while from ours we perceive another.

Mr. Howard looks in upon the meetings of the Free Religious Association. He beholds a gathering of men and women who "concede that men may just as consistently and safely, suitably and *usefully*, hold, as truth, the great falsehood that stands directly opposed to it."

We look into the eyes of the same people and read there a confession something like the following: "There is both truth and falsehood. Truth is as much better than falsehood as light than darkness. Yet, we recognize that each soul must be loyal to that it *believes* is truth, even though it be an error. It is the *spirit* of truth working in the heart which shall preserve men and lead them forth into 'the perfect light,'—if ever that goal is to be reached by immortal beings whose destiny is one of progress."

Now, believing this, these people strive, we hope, as they should do, to restrain the dogmatic spirit which undoubtedly lurketh in them as in all mankind, and seek by mutual respect and consideration for each other's views to reap for all a common benefit. If one has accepted as a truth what others are confident is a falsehood, shall they for that reason say that he cannot "*manfully*" hold to his own conviction? They would thus simply accuse themselves. Were he not to do so, for any time-serving, selfish consideration, they might with reason impeach him as one who had *not* acted "*manfully*." But will not he

himself suffer if he cherishes "a falsehood," and possibly endanger the happiness of others? In the first place, we are supposing that he cherishes what *seems* to him to be "a truth." Shall we have faith in his sincerity, and believe that the spirit of truth he witnesseth will at length write upon the background of his experience the true word, and so wait in the bond of friendship, having declared as freely our own thought without violence or show of wrath, or of pity even? Or shall we say to him, "God has a place for you in hell"? We would say to Mr. Howard that this same *manly* spirit is more potent to save than any dogma, or "revealed word," ever written. "Profoundly believe," but not *too* "profoundly," lest belief turn into conceit and arrogance, and the spirit of truth be grieved away from your own heart.

But we ought to believe a thing "not only to be true, but to be *the truth of God*." This is a distinction we cannot attempt to fathom. We have an idea, however, that truth is truth. The "truth of God" may be one thing and the truth of Man another. But for what reason shall we make such assertion? If Mr. Howard has any private method by which he can detect a difference 'twixt the two, he is, perhaps, thereby a gainer, and fortunate above his fellows. But we suspect that he will still labor under the disadvantage of having to prove that his "truth of God" is the *truth itself*, or the world will not finally, however gladly it may hear him now, carry it "triumphantly" forward.

As to "the divine and absolutely infallible voice," we can but think that every such claim on the part of individuals or sects has been a real grievance in the world. It is an egotism, an assumption, which has made the wisest foolish and turned fools mad. Infallibility is the fountain-head of persecution. The doctrine is no more odious as a dogma of the Romish Church than of the Protestant. And yet we doubt not Mr. Howard scouts the claim of the Pope in true Protestant fashion. To our mind his "Thus saith the Lord," in the Bible, is equally a delusion.

But in saying this we do not pretend there is no good sense in which one can say, as Paul did, "*Who is me*" if I do not so and so. Every one who accomplishes any real and true work in life hears the summons from the highest within him and obeys. He is led by his own Ideal. But may he not follow modestly, without bawling into the ear of the world his belief that he is a *prophet*, and that the infalible word has been breathed to him? There is such a thing as crowing too loud and before one gets out of the woods. This is precisely the fault with Mr. Howard's Christianity. It vaunteth itself, is puffed up and "infalli-

ble." It cries, "Behold me, the only perfect religion!" It has not the grace of good manners.

"A LOVER OF TRUTH" writes to us that we omitted in our last report of the Radical Club a very important sentence in Dr. Bartol's essay, and adds that we had no right to do this, even if we did not agree with him. This writer says that she sat near the doctor at the time, and distinctly heard him say these words: "As he said to Mary on the resurrection morning, 'Touch me not,'" clearly proving to her mind that "the doctor believed in the resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ." Now we are happy to be able to say that the omission was by no plot of ours, and that the proof sheets of the abstract passed through the hands of the essayist himself. In preparing his abstract our reporter naturally omitted the parts he deemed of the least importance. We quite concur in his judgment in the present case. Cheerfully allowing to the opinions of Dr. Bartol all the weight our correspondent claims, we have a few serious questions to set down which we invite her to consider. Suppose that Jesus *did* rise from the dead. In what respect does *his* resurrection affect the rest of us? Are we to rise because he did? Has his example in this respect been followed in any instance? Would you believe any report of the kind made concerning any of your friends? Again, suppose they *should* rise, what of it? Would that assure you that *they were immortal*? If so, what would be your conclusion concerning all those who yet remained dead in their graves? Once again, should any friend of yours return to life from being dead, apparently, would you not say, "It was not death"? We have no doubt but you would. You would not believe the friend had been dead at all, but rejoice that the body had not been buried while yet there was within it a living soul. "The resurrection of Christ," if it occurred at all, must have been of a similar character. He returned from among the dead, because he was *not* dead and had not been.

But now, perhaps, our friend is saying, "So you make a shipwreck of all faith." No: not of *faith*; but, as we think, of some very poor and unreliable "*evidence*." Why gather in the hearsays and guesses of tradition, and reason so badly even from them? Why travel so far to learn that which is only revealed at home?

NOTHING is more offensive to the good sense of people than to hear one go about whining that he is a prophet and is neglected, a saint and is despised. If one makes up his mind to be "a martyr," let him put a good face on the business, nor go hunting for sympathy. He will never *find* it.

It is the cheerful worker in the vineyard who gets the work done best.

WHY should Radicals whose creed is that we get on by *ideas*, and not by *persons*, worry themselves very much over their own personal "position"? They know where they are themselves, perhaps; or pretty nearly: what they have to contribute is the best *thought* they have, not *self-vindication*. Is not that a *fact*?

WE observe that the popular definition of the word "radical" as applied to persons has very little to commend it: He is the most *radcial* who is the most *combative*. So, when we get a missive, as we frequently do, saying, "My article may be a little more radical than THE RADICAL, but then," &c., we know at once that here is one who, like Saul, has "slain his thousands." We seem to see one who cries, "There! See that? It's true! You can't dodge it—get around it if you can! Let's see you!" and his eyes sparkle. We would not undertake the job on any account. We rather every such person should remain "radical" to his death, than pass our life in attempting the impossible.

A VERY similar character to the above named we often meet whose pride is not that he is radical, but *logical*. The twain are one flesh, however, and will have the same seat in heaven.

MR. POTTER's essay on "The Doctrine of Immortality in the Light of Science," for which there has been so great a demand since it was read at Horticultural Hall, will appear in our next number, revised and free of the blunders that have characterized its appearance in the newspapers. Some of these mistakes are quite important. For instance, in one of our city papers he is reported as saying, "The only scientific value the resurrection of Jesus has is as an historical fact,"—a most ludicrous blunder, considering what Mr. Potter actually said on the point, and a sentence that must fully satisfy orthodoxy.

MR. CONWAY's new book, "The Earthward Pilgrimage," has passed to a second edition in England. The work has been well received by the press, and carefully reviewed. It was, however, refused a place in a London circulating library at first, but they afterwards yielded to the public demand.

IN this country one of the chapters similar in character to his article on the Bible as an Idol, published in our February number, has called

forth several foolish criticisms full of wrath and zeal, none of them recognizing Mr. Conway's true attitude towards the book. We will quote his own words, and they will constitute his ample defense :—

"Taken not as food, but as facts, there is use for the faults and follies it records, as well as for its true thoughts.—even as in nature the poisons have their place as well as fruits. But regarded as an authority over the reason, which alone can read it discriminately, the light that is in it is turned to darkness ; its prophets are made to veil their own visions as reflected in ours, and men whose excellence consisted in confronting the popular creed, and refusing to kneel to the conventional idols, are quoted to make man servile and timid before the synagogues, and faithless to the great aspirations and scriptures of their own day."

HUXLEY ON PROTOPLASM. *To a Correspondent.*—By "living protoplasm" Huxley means the lowest known form of living substance. Animals "exhibit the phenomena of life," and we may speak of *living* animals presenting more complex phenomena than not-living forms of matter. In the quotation from Huxley, the word "living" brings out more strikingly the author's idea of the distinction between original protoplasm which exhibited life, and its preceding germinal forms of matter which exhibited no life.

If under proper conditions life may arise spontaneously in the future, as Huxley admits it may, there is no reason why it may not so arise now, but the lack of the conditions. As we understand him, it is the alleged fact, and not the possibility of life arising *de novo* under the experimenter's hands, that Huxley denies ; but, from what he says, it would be well-nigh or quite an impossible thing to convince him. He virtually relegates the point sought to be proved to the regions of the unknowable.

"I AM glad to know, as I do by experience, that when the subscription to THE RADICAL runs out, and the subscriber fails to send along his three dollars, you stop sending along THE RADICAL. That's the way to do business. THE RADICAL ought to be popular enough to make you a rich man in a few years, but if you continue to keep it THE RADICAL it will do no such thing.

"If radicalism were profitable in a money way it would soon get into the hands of money-getters, and Jim Fisk would have your place.

"Then would come true the saying I once heard from one of the old-fashioned, perpendicular Doctors of Divinity, in the days of slavery, when Theodore Parker's ringing words against it filled the land, and made inaudible the petty, private, soul-saving preaching of the sects. The old Doctor felt obliged to dispose of Parker in some way, and he did. With much gravity, and in an oracular tone, he said, 'It is the last effort of the enemy ; that of doing good works.'

"The good, pious old lady, who had charge of a tea-pot (we were at the table) took the thing seriously, but I and one other, whose spiritual eyes were yet unopened, could enjoy the fun only of the thing. If we could only get a volume of the sayings of the D. D.s in those years of antislavery struggle, how stupid Punch would seem beside it.

"Enclosed find three dollars for which please send THE RADICAL, beginning where you left off. I will try and send you some more names and three times that number of dollars.

"I have just been after three men whom I thought of, but found only one of them, and he takes it. There are men here radical enough in their thinking, and who would like to take THE RADICAL, and do borrow it, but they don't like the reputation of taking it. They are too *devilish* respectable."

